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EDITED BY

Anna and Walton Ricketson.

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NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST. By Daniel Ricketson. With Portrait and Vignette. 8vo, $3.00, *net*. Postage extra.

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NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST

Dan'l. Ricketson

NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST

BY

DANIEL RICKETSON

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER AND SON
ANNA AND WALTON RICKETSON

Elm-Place-Old Home

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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A Hundred years ago! Where are they now
Who then walked on the earth? Not one is found
Within this wide domain wherein I dwell.
Of all the thousands that began their life,
How few in the whole world can now be found!

PREFACE

The following sketches were written *currente calamo* in 1875 for the New Bedford "Evening Standard," with no intention of further publication. Believing, however, that they have much of local historic value for the lover of bygone days, we have decided to publish them in book form, not only for their more sure preservation, but also to show the keen interest felt by the author in his native town.

Editors.

Nonquitt, Mass., Aug. 12, 1903.

My dear Friends, Anna and Walton Ricketson, — I thank you for giving me an opportunity of reading some of your honored father's sketches of old New Bedford. The names are mostly unknown to me, but I can easily see how valuable these reminiscences may be to the descendants of these old citizens in time to come, and how pleasant to some even now. I find a certain charm in the very desultoriness of these papers, just as there is in an aimless ramble over country pastures, fields, and meadows, picking a flower here and there. Just such a ramble I had many a time with your father himself among the marshes and woods of this lovely Nonquitt. Why he chose to ask me to be his companion, I never clearly knew; but his talk was much like these papers, and I found quite as many wild flowers in it as we picked by the way, — flowers of poetical quotation or noble sentiment or genuine insight into ideal truth. The world of to-day is much the poorer for the passage of so simple-hearted and uncorrupted a man as he indubitably was.

. . . . . .

Yours most faithfully,

Francis E. Abbot.

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NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST

NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST

I

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

MOORE.

"There was something
In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up,
Like a ship on the ocean toss'd by storms,
But proudly still bestriding the high waves,
And holding on its course."

BYRON.

IT is a pleasure, though in some respects a mournful one, to look back to the days of our youth, and in the glass of memory behold once more the old familiar faces and the places they were wont to fill — faces unknown to a large portion of the present population, and places long since forgotten, or only heard of as of past memory.

Fifty years ago takes us back to the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-two, and during the second term of the administration of President Monroe — "the era of good feeling," as it has been

termed. We were then already on the rising wave of our commercial prosperity, and our wharves and places of business, as well as the shipyards, were scenes of bustle and industry. The rude songs of the begrimed sailors while hoisting out the oil casks from the holds of our whaling vessels, with their thundering choruses, might be heard at almost any hour of the day, while the ring of the cooper's hammer and that of the calker would also mingle with the general harmony. Improvement in machinery has here as well as elsewhere taken away much of the poetry and picturesque effect of labor.

During the season for the arrival and departure of our vessels, a number of full-rigged ships was usually to be seen in our harbor, those outward bound looking clean and snug, with their new or newly painted whaleboats swinging at their quarters, and those just returned from a voyage "around the Horn" or the Brazil banks presenting a weather-worn appearance, and sitting deep in the water from their heavy cargoes. A few brigs were also employed, and I believe occasionally a schooner, generally for cruising in the Atlantic Ocean, on what is known at the present day as "plum-pudding" voyages. Many will recognize the names of a few of these vessels which from memory I give: the (old) Maria, William and Eliza, William Rotch, George and Susan, George and Martha, Golconda, Minerva Smyth, Maria Theresa, Richmond, Sophia, Phœnix, etc., etc.; brigs Indian Chief, Quito, Fornax, Rising States, etc.

In the spring of the year six or eight ships would

occasionally arrive during the night, announced by a constant firing on board, and the anchorage ground of our harbor, called "the stream," would in the morning present a joyous sight to the owners, in which the public also participated, for all were more or less interested. Riches were then pouring into the coffers of our old merchants such as have since been only rarely witnessed. One important character of those days may be remembered, the pilot, Captain Philip Mosher, and his little sloop Malora, with his sons "Joe" and "Ed," (the latter known as "Buff,") as crew, was often in great demand.

I remember to have made several trips with them, accompanying outward bound ships, and one on a special errand to Naushon with a relative, to look after the island and examine the condition of the old "Mansion House" of the Bowdoins. I well remember, too, the forsaken look of the old mansion, with its darkened windows and the dingy yellow paint upon its outer walls, as if tinged by the storms of the ocean, and with the reputation of being haunted. Here one of the old Bowdoins died, somewhere about 1818, sitting in his chair, and perhaps it was his ghost, if any, that walked hereabouts.

But to return to our subject. New Bedford fifty years ago was only a small place of perhaps some six or eight thousand inhabitants, and like Nantucket had a character of its own that marked it from other towns of New England, owing in a good degree to the influence of the Friends, who in the foundation of our place and up to this period included most of

our wealthy families. Leaving the wharves, the old warehouses, sail lofts, and shops, let us wend our way up the street — old Main Street, now Union. Here we see a fine old mansion overlooking its humbler neighbors, with its handsome row of the then favorite Lombardy poplars, with its front yard and ample entrance, a stately mansion with broad grounds, stables and outbuildings, with all the appointments and appliances of wealth and comfort. It is a meeting day of the Friends. In front of the house is seen a plain but handsome coach, with a sleek and fine looking pair of bay horses, a colored driver of respectable appearance, and another servant at the open carriage door. The door of the mansion opens, and a courtly, venerable-looking gentleman appears, an advanced octogenarian, tall, and with long silvery locks, his dress of the true William Penn order, — a drab beaver, drab suit, the long coat and waistcoat, knee-breeches with silver buckles, and shoes also with silver buckles, — his step a little faltering but still graceful, and becoming one who had stood before ministers and kings in the Old World — a meek and truly devout disciple, nevertheless, of the Saviour of men, a genuine philanthropist. Let us see him in his carriage, sitting with patriarchal dignity, and follow him to the old Friends' Meeting-house of wood, on Spring Street, the predecessor of the present one of brick. Seated in the "gallery," or high seat, at "the head of the meeting," his very presence seems calculated to inspire a respect for the principles of peace he so truly inculcated both by precept

and example. My older readers will recognize this as a portraiture of the late William Rotch, Sr. Here we will leave him for the present, and conclude this hasty sketch, which is intended only as a sort of introduction to others of a similar character.

II

The chronicler resumes his story,
Regardless all of fame and glory;
Enough if for the passing hour,
A ray of sunshine he may pour
Upon the worn and weary heart,
And thus its warmth and cheer impart.

In my former sketch I left our venerable friend, the late William Rotch, Sr., seated at the head of the meeting in the old wooden meeting-house of the Society of Friends on Spring Street. Thus introduced into this assemblage of worthies, let us look about a little, though with due respect to the occasion, and see who were the representatives of the "peaceful sect" at this period. First, however, let us call attention to the exceeding plainness of the interior as well as exterior of the place of worship. Unlike the present large and substantial house of brick, with its comfortable seats, painted and cushioned, and lighted by gas, no paint was seen within the walls at least, and cushions only used by aged people and invalids. At the evening meetings candles in a sort of small tin stand fitted to hang against the posts and walls were used. The house was generally well filled upstairs as well as on the first floor on "first days" and a goodly number on "fifth days." Upon the high seat, besides the venerable friend men-

tioned, might be seen the also venerable minister of the society on the men's side, James Davis; William Rotch, Jr., Cornelius Howland, and others. In other parts of the house were Samuel Rodman, Abram, Humphrey, and Gilbert Russell, Cornelius Grinnell, Daniel Ricketson, Sr., William James, John Howland, Sr., Abraham Shearman, Francis and Barnabas Taber, George Howland, Sr., Joseph Ricketson, Sr., Job Baker, George W. Baker, Andrew Robeson, Charles W. Morgan, Benjamin and Samuel Rodman, Jr., Weston Howland, Sr., Caleb Shearman, Robert Allen, William Haskins, Lewis Pratt; these with their wives and children were a few among those remembered, more particularly by the writer. The usual preachers were the before mentioned James Davis, among the men, and his daughter Deborah Otis, and Susan Howland, among the women. Occasionally distinguished ministers from abroad would be present at the usual meetings, or at such as were held by "appointment," a custom of the earliest date in the history of Friends, and still continued.

We will now go back to the street and look a little about among "the world's people," as the good old-fashioned Friends sometimes denominated those not included within their sacred inclosure; yet not with that exclusiveness as might from the phraseology appear to be the case. Let us take a walk up old "Main" Street, which had a still older name, — "King" Street of ante-revolutionary days, and telling of loyalty even among the disciples of Fox and

Penn. We pass along from the "Mansion House," west on the north side, now known as "Union Row," the poplars on one side and a high fence on the other, which inclosed the large garden of the venerable Friend R. with an ominous signboard of warning overlooking the southeast corner of the garden, announcing to all bad boys that there were "wolf traps" set there; seemingly a little inconsistent, methinks, but they were probably like the "Quaker guns," harmless. Passing the row of poplars we came to an old-fashioned grocery, kept by two old and worthy orthodox deacons, "Barker and Briggs," also wood-measurers, and consequently their shop was a resort of wood-teamsters from the country. I well remember the odor of spices and snuff that pervaded the old place. Nearly opposite was a small building where "Tim Tallman" kept a few groceries and the inevitable snuff and tobacco. Crossing the street near by was a stream with a bridge and railing, over which I have often looked to see the rushing water tumbling over the stones, when the brook was swollen by heavy rain or spring freshet.

On the southeast corner of Third Street was the old William Tallman house, for many years the residence of our late respected fellow-citizen Ivory H. Bartlett, opposite to which was a market, a sort of arched shed, like the one represented in the "Old Four Corners," painted by William A. Wall. On the southwest corner of Third Street was the house of Daniel Ricketson, Sr., with its old-fashioned portico, front yard, and row of ash trees, and large

locust at the west end ; the house stable and garden, occupying half an acre, now thickly covered with buildings. Opposite the last mentioned house, was the residence of the late Enoch Horton, then engaged extensively in ship-bread baking, a member of the Society of Friends at this time, and a man of much respectability of character, and of marked intelligence.

Next west, was the handsome mansion, with its ample grounds, of one of our old merchants, the late John Coggeshall, Jr., and above, on the southeast corner of Purchase, the "old Barnabas Russell house," with its large locust trees in the front yard, then occupied by the late Alexander Read, M. D., an eminent physician and excellent man. Opposite was the residence of the late William Russell, painter, who was suddenly killed in his mill in the southwest part of our city, then a pretty picturesque spot, such as would charm the eyes of our young artists, with its moss-covered building and overshot wheel, and little circular pond fringed with trees and bushes, where the song-sparrow and blackbird welcomed the return of spring, and built their nests. The pond, too, was a favorite skating place for schoolboys on Saturday afternoons in winter, and sailing their little boats in summer.

We will now return to our place of leaving, near Purchase Street. Standing at this point of observation, we see beneath the overhanging branches of the large elms up the street, the handsome three-story mansion of the late Abram Russell, Sr., sur-

rounded with its broad acres, and really the most imposing and genteel residence of the place, overlooking as it did the town, the harbor, and the country around. In the changes of time, when Union Street was extended west, this house was moved several rods in the rear, and became the property, after the decease of the original owner, of the late Hon. Thomas D. Eliot. West of Purchase Street, at the northeast corner, was the house of William Tobey, once the post office, and opposite the well-known "Eagle Tavern," kept by Colonel Nathaniel Nelson. A large gilt eagle on a high post, surmounting a liberty cap, stood at the northeast corner, and a bow sign, with the keeper's name in large gilt letters, over the front door — a long, rambling, old-fashioned house, bearing a good reputation as a hostelry; in fact I believe it was latterly elevated to the title of an "hotel." Many interesting events could this old inn afford if its history were revealed, some of them as worthy of the poet's pen as those so beautifully told in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. But the old tavern has long since passed away, and the spot is now occupied by the handsome brick structure known as "Ricketson Block." The worthy host, also, has long since passed away, and only memory remains to a few, of the palmy days of the old house and its landlord; the days of stage coaches and baggage wagons, of country merchants with their heavy teams, loaded with butter and cheese from far-off counties, for our citizens. Ah! how the

ample wood fire glowed upon the faces of the large circle gathered around it in the old bar-room, listening to the travelers' tales, and as in the days of the old Wayside Inn,

> "A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
> Like water rushing through a weir,
> Oft interrupted by the din
> Of laughter and of loud applause."

How time smooths all the rough edges, and poetry and romance take the place of everything that at times would mar the harmony of the scene. As the poet says,

> "How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
> To view th' unclouded skies of former days."

III

"Blest memory! guide with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth, my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigor to my mind
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stored."

KIRKE WHITE.

WE left our readers in our last chapter at the bar-room of the old "Eagle Hotel;" but as we trust that they are good temperance people, we presume no harm was done them thereby, although unquestionably large quantities of the "best of liquors" were to be found there, as well as in most of the grocery shops at that time. The cause of temperance had begun its good work; but the disgrace to those engaged in selling intoxicating drinks had not in any great degree become established, and quite a number who were ranked as respectable citizens included them in their general assortment of West India articles of sale, while it was no uncommon thing for "spirits" to be handed to guests at private houses. Thanks to the friends of temperance and good morals, that an odium has been cast upon this wicked traffic, and that no one who is engaged in it can claim to belong to the more respectable class of society here in New England any longer; and with

the "rumseller" is associated almost everything that is dishonest and vile.

Leaving the old tavern and its history, let us continue our walk up Main Street. Next in order on the north side is the old "Mayhew house," which with its weather-colored walls is still standing, although nearly eclipsed by the elegant "Masonic Building" on the west, and the large wooden edifice on the east. Opposite was the old "West house," no longer to be seen, next to which on the north side was the handsome residence of Captain James Howland, an old retired sea captain, remarkable for his personal neatness and well-ordered household. He is said to have had the handsomest square-top chaise in the place. It was a pleasant picture to see him and his stately dame, his second wife, the widow of Captain Hayden, seated at their cheerful parlor wood fire, he with his long-stemmed pipe, and she in her smart frilled cap; not exactly "John Anderson my Jo!" and his aged partner, but a good old-fashioned, highly respectable and respected couple. On the wall of their room hung the portraits of the late Captain Rowland R. Crocker and his first wife, a daughter of Mrs. H. Next above, on the same side, was an ancient looking brick house of three stories, and as I remember it, of a faded out green color, called "the old Isaac Howland house." Opposite lived the widow of Moses Grinnell, and next above, her son, the late Charles Grinnell, built a commodious house, still standing. A little further up on the opposite side stood the once handsome residence

of Edward Pope, Esq., at one time a justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Bristol, a man much respected in his time for his legal attainments as well as for his excellence of character. He was also a collector of customs for this district. He died at his house June 10, 1818, aged seventy-eight years. He was the father of the late Thomas Pope, Esq., of this city. At this house, also, while on a visit to Judge Pope, Joseph Willard D. D., LL. D., president of Harvard College, died September 25, 1804, aged sixty-four years.

On the opposite corner was the house of the late Captain Cornelius Howland, and above the "Mason house," the property of the late Dr. Tobey, dentist. Above Judge Pope's was the house of Caleb Greene, who was, I believe, our oldest apothecary, a man of considerable medical as well as general knowledge, and noted for his handsome penmanship. He was also a teacher of youth in his earlier days, and his pupils spoke of him with respect. He was a worthy member of the Society of Friends, and wore the old-fashioned costume in great plainness. His wife was a daughter of Joseph Russell, and sister of Abram. Next comes the shop of "Roger Haskell, Saddler and Trunk Maker," as his old white sign with black letters indicated — a favorite resort of the writer to procure leather to cover his bat-ball, as well as for his skates. It was a pleasant sight to see the old man and his apprentices at their work, sewing upon saddles and harnesses, or covering trunks with horse hides, and trimming them with red and yellow strips

of morocco leather and brass-headed nails, — trunks well suited for the traveling of those days by packet or stage-coach, but would illy bear the thumping of the railway and hotel porters of the present day. The spot then occupied by the shop, house, and garden of this old citizen, is now that upon which stands the Episcopal Church. He also had the honor of the charge of the town hay-scales, situated on Spring Street, where loads of hay were suspended upon huge steelyards, or something of the sort. He was a good, simple-hearted old man, and a strict attendant at the Orthodox Church on Purchase Street, then under the pastoral care of the late Sylvester Holmes.

We now come to the substantial old-fashioned residence of Dr. Eben Perry — the house with its pleasant portico, still standing, and to our eyes one of the most comfortable looking residences on the street. The old doctor as I remember him, a middle aged man, was of good height and stout build, with a full, fresh-looking face, and large grayish eyes. He was decidedly of the old school, and wore knee-breeches, and usually top boots, as he always rode on horseback when going any distance to visit a patient. Often have I seen him mounted on his handsome sorrel, with his saddle-bags well filled, starting on his daily vocation. On the other side of the street lived the late Charles W. Morgan, for many years one of our leading merchants and most useful citizens. He kept at this time a handsome pair of dapple gray horses, named "Bob" and "Essex,"

and his hired man was William Bain, a Scotchman, who died at an advanced age in this city a few years since. He was a Mason, and a man of sobriety and respectability. Next above lived Samuel Stall, carriage-maker, who carried on his business in a long building attached to the rear of his house, and on the front of the house was at one time a large sign with the picture of a coach, the body of which was painted yellow and the wheels red, after the fashion of the time; even most of the chaises, except those of the Friends, were painted yellow. On Main, at the head of Seventh Street, was the residence of Joseph Ricketson, Sr., the cashier of the Bedford Commercial Bank, an honest and upright man, an early friend of temperance, peace, and the abolition of slavery. It was at his house that Benjamin Lundy, editor of "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," and William Lloyd Garrison and other abolitionists, temperance lecturers, and reformers generally, found a welcome in New Bedford.

On the opposite corner, west, lived Frederic Read, butcher, and deacon, I believe, as well as chorister at the Calvinist church — a man of great solemnity of manner, with heavy bass voice, very noticeable in his common conversation, which was delivered in a kind of deep monotone, and his words fell as with iron weight. Still he was a peaceable as well as highly respectable citizen. At one time he kept a half-tamed wolf, which, on a certain occasion, got loose, and roved about the streets, much to the terror of children and their mothers, but, I believe,

harmed no one. He had a large, shaggy, black and white dog with short legs, named "Gunner," which was a great favorite with us boys, from his good nature, and we usually honored him with the surname of his master, and "Gunner Read" has doubtless gone where good dogs go.

Captain Paul Howland lived above on the next corner, who, with his brother, Captain Cornelius Howland, were men of those kindly natures which boys remember with respect.

At this time, and in the house next above the residence of Joseph Ricketson, lived Nathaniel H. Hathaway, and after him, Jireh Perry, Charles Swain, and still later, Robert S. Smith. Thence, west, to County Street, or road, as we then called it, were open fields used for tillage or pastures; and against the old stone wall on the south side, teamsters piled up their unsold wood.

I will now retrace my steps a little, and notice a few matters I have omitted. Below Judge Pope's was a small building once used as an apothecary shop by Dr. Rounseville Spooner, but as I remember it at this early period, was the school-room of Susan Barney, a strict disciplinarian, though faithful teacher of boys and girls. Our standing at this school was publicly made known by badges of pasteboard worn with a string about the neck; those marked "good boy," "good girl," "industrious," etc., with a red string, those with "bad boy," "idle boy," etc., with a black one. Mine was, I believe, generally, if not universally, a black one, which I

concealed under my jacket. I was certainly no favorite with the good lady, and probably a dull and troublesome pupil.

I remember this shop was occupied as a grocery by John Woodman, who was also, I believe, a wood measurer. Nearly at the foot of Main Street, and which in due order should have been before noticed, was the house of Lydia Bunker, who in one of the front rooms kept a little shop. At the front door was a sort of portico with seats painted a dingy red color. She sold snuff, cotton and linen thread, and other small articles; and was herself a stately and ladylike old-fashioned Quakeress. Another shop of a similar kind, but devoted more particularly to articles of female wear and adornment, was kept by "Patty [Martha] Hussey," whose name, as well as that of the other good lady, indicates a Nantucket origin.

One place I must by no means omit, that of all others most sought for by the lovers of literature, the bookstore of Abraham Shearman, Jr. Friend S. was a man of culture and gentle manners, an exemplary member of the Society of Friends, and for a long time the clerk of the Monthly Meeting. Here were to be found a good assortment of English books, both poetry and prose, excellent stationery, and cutlery, including "Rodgers' patent" knives, scissors, and razors. Over the door was a large sundial, which I regret has disappeared of late years, and would herein suggest its restoration to its old place of dignity and usefulness, if it be still in existence.

The successor of Friend Shearman was his former clerk, William C. Taber, who, with his sons, have occupied the old stand, now inclusive of several of the former shops in the building, to the present time. It is therefore one of the oldest places of business in our city, and as such has an important connection with its history. The old store at the corner above, seen so conspicuously in the excellent picture of the "Old Four-Corners," by William A. Wall, with the flagstaff and American ensign flying from it, at the east gable end, was removed about this time, 1822, and in its place the present substantial brick edifice erected, which in the writer's boyhood was occupied by Bourne and Haskell, auctioneers; Green and Tillinghast, dry goods dealers, and Charles Ricketson and Son, tailors. These were on the lower floor, while above was at this time, or soon after, the law office of Williams and Warren. In the third story was the "Social Library," George W. Baker, librarian. Here we found the celebrated voyages of Cook, Vancouver, Mavor, Parry, and others, so interesting to the mind of youth, as sequels to Robinson Crusoe. Here, too, was a good collection of English literature both in prose and poetry, a valuable old library, mostly the gift of our older citizens, and forming the nucleus of the present popular city library, now fast, and justly so, becoming the greatest pride and ornament of New Bedford. May it still continue to prosper, and receive from time to time liberal donations and be-

quests from the lovers of knowledge and the cause of human progress, than which, after our public schools, no one institution has a greater influence for spreading intelligence among the people.

IV

"Each man's chimney is his golden mile-stone;
Is the central point from which he measures every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him."

LONGFELLOW.

IF in these rambles of mine about my native town I may occasionally fall into a moralizing strain, I trust my readers will not greatly demur thereat, but attribute it to nothing worse than the natural impressions made upon the mind of one who has already outlived a large number of those whom he remembers as actively engaged in the usual interests of life as they appeared in the streets and places of business, as well as homes of our beloved town, in the days of "lang syne." In a place even no larger than ours of forty or fifty years ago, almost every phase of human nature was to be seen; and New Bedford could then boast of its rare characters as well as now, — men and women of those peculiarities which marked them from the rest. The shrewd man of business, the petty dealer, the miser and extortioner, as well as the philanthropic and open-handed; the pettifogger, the charlatan, as well as the grand jurist, counselor, and honorable and skillful physician, the calm dispenser of spiritual truths, and the ranter, the advocates of peace and those of war, the

humorist, the practical joker (ever an abomination), as well as the dull and morose, — these, and a great variety of other characters, were then seen, and stood out more prominently in a sparsely settled town than now. The study of human nature from living specimens is better than books to the mental philosopher; and it is probable that the immortal Shakespeare, whose knowledge of human nature has not been surpassed in any age, found his field of observation in his little native village of Stratford-on-Avon and his occasional visits to the then comparatively small metropolis, London, with its marked provincial characteristics. Thus it appears that it is not necessary to travel abroad to find material for the study of human nature, as well as other departments of knowledge. The following words of a well-known Italian poet are to the point, and will doubtlessly find a response in the hearts of stay at home travelers like myself.

"Men's tastes are various; one prefers the church,
The camp another; this his native soil,
That foreign countries. As for me, who will
May travel to and fro, to visit France,
Spain, England, Hungary; but I love home.
Lombardy, Rome and Florence I have seen;
The mountains that divide and those that gird
Fair Italy, and either sea that bathes her.
That is enough for me. Without expense
Of innkeepers, I roam with Ptolemy
O'er all the world beside, in peace or war;
I sail on every sea, nor make vain vows
When lightnings flash, for safe, along the chart,
I see more lands than from the reeling deck."

ARIOSTO, *Satire* iv.

We had some grand old merchants in the days of which I write, — men of sterling integrity, whose word was as good as their bond, and better if possible; men who stood high on 'change in Boston and New York, and were known in almost every commercial port abroad where our ships took their oil and brought back iron, salt, duck, and other commodities, days unobstructed by a high tariff, when enterprise and industry had no monopolies to compete with. It was good and refreshing to enter one of those old counting-rooms, and see its occupants busy at their desks, with their huge day-books, journals and ledgers about them, everything being done deliberately and in due order, the "pigeon-holes" for papers alphabetically marked, and if in winter, a wood fire roaring and crackling in some huge iron stove of the most primitive construction, or the open Franklin fireplace. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The times are changed and we are changed with them. But every age and generation has its share of good and evil, and I am not one to ignore any present blessing, but would rather counsel all to catch the good of the present moment. Still, as a chronicler of the past, I shall, I trust, be pardoned for holding up to view such pleasant pictures as remain in memory, that we may preserve their useful lessons. Honor and virtue have by no means forsaken our day, but have their true and noble representatives among us as in the past. With an increased population, and with the great changes that have taken place in the affairs of men the world

over, new evils, as well as new remedies, have necessarily been introduced, and the work of the philanthropist and reformer is ever called for. But a truce to moralizing, says my reader, perhaps; we will leave that for our minister, and so let us return to our rambles about town.

In my last chapter I had about concluded my sketch of our old Main Street. I will now branch off a little into other parts of the village. County Road, now County Street, was the original thoroughfare, or high-road, in the days of Queen Anne, leading from Russell's Mills to Plymouth. I have already spoken of the residence of Abram Russell at the head of Main Street, but at this time the house of his father, Joseph Russell, was standing on the premises afterwards purchased and built upon by Charles W. Morgan. It was in its time a large, old-fashioned, two-story house, with a long, one-story kitchen attached, well known in ancient days for Quaker hospitality, its owner being a member of the Society of Friends, as well as a man of wealth and enterprise, both as a farmer and merchant. He gave the lot of land on which the present brick meeting-house of the Friends is situated. Farther south, and at the head of Walnut Street, his son Gilbert Russell had built a large and elegant mansion. North, near the head of Willis Street, was the old house of Ebenezer Willis, and between this and the Russells', several houses owned by the Kemptons; the Willises, the Kemptons, and the Russells being formerly the greatest landholders in this section of the township.

But I am getting a little too far back in the past. Let us return to matters more immediately connected with the town. The post-office and custom-house were at the foot of Bridge, now Middle Street, — Abraham Smith postmaster, and John Hawes collector. I well remember the old postmaster, who was a tall man, advanced in years, with his large iron-bowed spectacles and green flannel cap; and the collector, a stout-built, comfortable looking personage, who usually wore a drab hat, and rode into town from his residence at Acushnet village in a yellow-colored chaise, the body covered with oil-cloth to protect its nice varnish from mud, I suppose. In a dock just below lay the hulk of the old "Hornbug," as she was called, a curious sort of vessel with paddle-wheels, intended to be propelled by horse-power, and which, I believe, made one trip down the harbor and back, and then gave up the ghost. Its projector and owner was Francis Rotch, a younger brother of William Rotch, Sr. The counting-rooms of Charles and Seth Russell, John Avery Parker, and other old merchants, were in this quarter. Water Street was then the residence of some of our wealthiest citizens. On "Rotch's Hill" (as it was called) stood the stately mansion of William Rotch, Jr., and a little north those of Samuel Rodman, Sr., and Thomas Hazard, while south were the principal dry goods shops, and the old Bedford Commercial Bank building of brick, with its flight of stone steps leading to a wooden portico. William and Gideon Allen were leading dry goods merchants and tailors,

and their father, James Allen, kept a similar shop on the opposite or east side of the street, and on the west side, Job Baker, domestic goods. Not many years thereafter, Melcher and Howe (William Howe) opened a bookseller's shop and book-bindery, and continued for many years by the latter name, who still, in a green old age, is industriously following his old vocation on Purchase Street.

Our lawyers at this time (for litigation had already got into our once peaceful place) were Lemuel Williams, John Nye, Timothy G. Coffin, John Summers Russell, William J. A. Bradford, Apollos Tobey, Justice of the Peace, and afterwards Alden Bradford, all of whom have passed on to a higher court than any in which they found employment here, and as we hope, have received a happy judgment. Our physicians at this time were, besides Dr. Eben Perry before mentioned, who was the oldest, Paul Spooner, Alexander Read, and William C. Whitridge.

The ministers whose names I remember, were Whittaker, Barnaby, Holmes, and Clough. I remember to have heard the famous Lorenzo Dow preach in the Old Baptist house on Middle Street, and John N. Maffit at the Methodist on Elm Street. Daniel Whittaker, a son of the minister, taught a boys' school in the school-house on Purchase Street, previously kept by Thomas Kempton. The writer was for a short time a pupil here, and his only remembrance of the school is that the boys ruled it, and that its usual state was a sort of bedlam. The school-house was a gloomy old weather-beaten building of two stories,

and had a small belfry and bell. It stood near the south end of "Morgan's block," Purchase Street, and next north of the then residence of Oliver Crocker.

The Friends' Academy, which had been under the successful charge of John Brewer, had been closed for several years, and like all long unoccupied buildings, obtained the reputation of being haunted. It was reopened in the spring of 1824, and continued two years under the charge of George Newell, A. M. I well remember with what a pleasant awe I first entered the old school-room, with its two high desks for the masters, and the three rows of desks on either side of the aisle for the pupils, all painted a sort of dingy mahogany color. The old bell, which had been broken, was removed and its place supplied by a new one, the raising of which to the belfry was a noted and interesting event to the boys. Wm. H. Stowell, who was a great favorite with the master, being studious and sedate, was honored with the offices of bell ringer and monitor. It was thought to be a great privilege to obtain a pull at the rope. The bell was rung fifteen minutes before the hours of going into the school and tolled a few minutes at the time. This bell is now used on the new building of the Academy. Although the Rules and Regulations of the school were written out in due order, framed and hung up over the mantelpiece, requiring the observance of the peculiarities of the Friends, they appear to have fallen into desuetude, and at the present time little but the name is left to show

the original character of this institution; but it must ever be highly creditable to the love of learning on the part of those who by their exertions and liberal contributions founded it. It may be regretted that more of the peaceful principles of the members of the Society of Friends, so favorable to virtue and religion, have not been retained in the order and discipline of this already time-honored school, to which so many of us are indebted for an introduction into the mysteries of classic lore, as well as the elements of general knowledge. In the progress of time these changes have doubtlessly proved necessary on the part of the trustees, and no blame would herein be implied.

The old and rare collection of books dignified by the name of "the Library," was the gift of Samuel Elam, a wealthy Quaker gentleman, an Englishman by birth, who resided on Rhode Island, at a place called "Vaucluse." It was one of the greatest pleasures of the writer to get admission to this, to him, sacred haunt of the Muses, as well as other patrons of learning, and in the company of the wisest and best of ancient and modern time to pass the hours stolen from tasks far less inviting, and companionship of teachers generally far less congenial. But the old building, dearer to our eyes than the present one, and the master and his iron rule are gone; the old library, however, remains, but so changed are its relationships that I should, I fear, hardly recognize my old friends — some of which are, I also fear, no longer to be found with their quondam companions.

Shades of Bacon and Locke, of Milton, Pope, Cowper, Thomson, Addison, and Johnson, accept, though late, the thanks of your once juvenile devotee for your genial companionship through a long life. The name sometimes given to this institution in my boyhood was "Classic Hill." Ah! what would life be to many without the sweet society of the genial spirits of the departed, who with the dear and soothing companionship of Nature, have sustained and strengthened many a weary heart? Well did Francis Jeffrey say: "If it were not for my love of beautiful Nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago." Cherish then, O young man, an early love for these enduring treasures, and think not to find in the halls of fashion and dissipation, those enjoyments which will support you when weariness and sorrow may fall upon you in the journey of life. The companionship of good books and our common mother Nature, will prove a physician whose remedies are potent over the powers of darkness that may invade the otherwise unprotected soul.

V

In my last I gave my personal experience in the old Academy, with the exception of the hall, library, and lecture-room, in the second story. The hall extended from the north end of the building to the library and lecture-rooms at the south end, occupying somewhat over two thirds of the second story. At the north end was a large fireplace, and a heavy pair of iron andirons, or "dogs" as they were sometimes called. There was an agreement among the girls (young ladies) that the one who married first should have these old "dogs." How they acquired the right of possession, and whether the old articles were ever thus disposed of, does not appear, but they fell by the agreement to Miss R. R., one of the handsomest of the young lady pupils.

Once a week, I think on Wednesday, the boys were required to speak pieces on the stage. The pieces were usually selected from our reading book, and mine on one occasion was the "Speech of Catiline before the Roman Senate in reply to charges of Cicero," beginning "Conscript Fathers, I do not rise to waste the night in words. Let that plebeian talk; 't is not my trade." Here my knees tottered, my head swam, the teacher prompted me, and with some difficulty I got through with the twenty-four lines. Such

was my trepidation on these occasions that I finally shrank from it altogether. Another speech from the same, "Croly's Catiline," commencing "Banished from Rome! what 's banished but set free from daily contact of the things I loathe!" was "got off" in much better style by a boy of stronger nerves. Among our most exemplary pupils was the late William G. Eliot, D. D., of St. Louis. I remember how nicely he repeated at one of our public recitations a eulogy on Lafayette, "the young and gallant stranger who left the blushing vine hills of his delightful France," — words which, with a slight lisp and soft voice, the speaker uttered very gracefully.

For some two years the southeast room was occupied by our French class and teacher, who rejoiced in the name of Jean le Baptiste Edouard Fabre, a native of Marseilles, a remarkably handsome man of fine robust figure, dark hair and eyes, and clear skin, one of nature's noblemen, if not also by birth, as he may have been. He was a good teacher, and the little French I learned from him has often stood me in hand in my reading particularly. The girls (young ladies) acquired the language much better than we boys. We got the Parisian accent quite correctly from the conversations of our teacher. He and his beautiful wife left very suddenly, owing to some domestic trouble in which they were involved, and their future fate I have never learned. They were certainly superior in person and manner, at least in my boyish estimation. Peace to their memories.

The southwest room was the library, containing

some fifteen hundred volumes, the gift of Samuel Elam, a wealthy member of the Society of Friends. Among the books that I early found there, were the old English magazines and reviews, elegant extracts in verse, introducing me to the acquaintance of the ancient and modern poets of Great Britain, besides various works of a rare and curious character, among them, "The Life and Adventures of John Buncle." This library, with some missing volumes, is connected with the present institution still known as the "Friends' Academy," while little but the name remains to tell its origin.

On one occasion an evening course of chemical lectures, about the year 1825, was delivered with experiments in the hall by David Slack. It was a pleasant sight as we approached the academy and walked up the avenue from the road to see the windows of the long old hall so brightly lighted. At this time a handsome front fence with large and small gates, and an ordinary board fence on the north and west ends enclosed the premises, a common stone wall separated them from the old Joseph Russell estate. This was some years after supplanted by the picket fence, distasteful but necessary to protect the place.

About this time a new bell, the one still in use on the present building, was placed in the tower, our fellow-townsman, William Durfee, superintending the work. As I am writing (eight and a half A. M.), I hear the tone of the old bell ringing for the morning session, some of the pupils, perhaps, grandchil-

dren of my contemporaries. Through the vista of the past, I see again the boys and girls of sixty odd years ago, with their books in hand or satchels, hastening up the path, their cheerful voices sounding in the morning air.

I must not forget to mention our little paper, which a few of us who were opposed to the use of profane language, originated, and continued for a short time, called, "The Non Iuratum." The following lines, though humble, may still show the sincerity of our enterprise:

TO OUR READERS.

Come now together gather all,
And read "The Non Iuratum,"
Whose ideas flow at every call,
As smooth as new pomatum.

These were introductory. In the next number came the following:

Boys, beware of swearing,
It leads you to the D—l;
And has its vicious bearing,
Like every other evil;
Swearing is the worst
Of all the petty vices,
And is usually the first,
That the mind entices.

The editors and scribes were William H. Allen, Jr., and Joseph Ricketson, Jr., afterwards graduates of Harvard, 1835. As the copies were in their handwriting mostly, it was somewhat of an arduous task, with their other studies.

I should not omit to mention that several years

before our French teacher Fabre, an Englishman by the name of Charles Winsor was employed at the academy for a short time, about 1826. He was a rosy, cheerful man of about forty years, and rolled off the French words with great volubility. He got us along to "Numa Pompilius," by Florian, and afterwards kept the Bellevue Hotel at Newport. He must have been a popular landlord. His wife taught embroidery, and I remember driving with her over the bridge, to a class of young ladies at the home of the late William L. B. Gibbs.

While the school hours were ever wearisome to me, and even prison-like at times, there was a charm about the old building and grounds that much ameliorated my sufferings, for the confinement to the long hours, week after week, with only Saturday afternoon for liberty, often with a headache which I could hardly endure, so that I would gladly have exchanged my condition with the boy riding horse at plough in some far-off field, for the fresh air and the song of the birds in the neighboring woods. The day of relief at last came, and with the exception of a few months at Cambridge I have been blessed with an unusual degree of personal freedom and health, for which I would express my deep sense of gratitude.

I might have added before I ended my notice of the old academy, that at the time of the marriage of the late George Howland, Jr., and Sylvia Allen in the Friends' Meeting-house on Spring Street in May, 1829, the pupils were dismissed from school in

time to attend the ceremony during the forenoon. The writer was one of the boys present on that occasion, and fifty years after also attended the golden wedding of the above at their late residence on Sixth Street.

Among the most daring feats performed by the pupils at the school, was that of our old fellow-townsman, John F. Aiken, who climbed up the lightning rod from the ground to the top of the spire, and standing on the ball, turned the vane around. As the wood had somewhat decayed where the iron rod was set in the ball and had thus loosened it, the risk was greatly increased; but he came down safe and the old hero, at the advanced age of near four score, still lives to verify the tale. It may be added that the daily practice in our gymnasium may have somewhat prepared our old school-fellow for the hazardous exploit. Since then he has passed many long years as sailor and officer of the various whale and merchant vessels, visited many foreign lands and experienced much of the ups and downs of life, particularly the latter, but has at length, we trust, found a safe harbor before the "Blue Peter" is set for his last departure, as we hope and trust, for that better land, which we all aspire to reach. Our old school-fellow was a favorite not only for his daring, but for his constant good-nature and love of mirth.

VI

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."

My Lost Youth. — LONGFELLOW.

AH! what should we do without poetry, without the melody of song? for rarely can the purest and deepest sentiments be expressed except through the assistance of some favoring muse. Youth is the season of poetry and romance, and they may truly be deemed unfortunate who have had no experience in these charming realms. How sweetly has the poet in the lines quoted above expressed that love for his own native place, which many of my readers doubtlessly in common with myself have felt for ours! That man is to be pitied who has no affection for the place of his birth; particularly unfortunate and unhappy must have been his early life; and the sweetest and tenderest memories — those of maternal love, and the first perceptions of the wondrous beauties of nature, are lost to him.

It has been suggested to me that my sketches would be improved if I occasionally introduced a little more humor in them. Had I the pen of my friend Tom Mahawk, whose occasional lucubrations have graced the columns of the "Evening Standard,"

I might do so; but it has been my experience through life, that whatever I undertake to do, the effect of my Quaker origin will appear, and a certain sober color shade my thought. When I was a youth I could never learn to dance; and those who understood all about these things told me it was owing to my "Quaker foot." And so I fear if I should attempt to depart from my usual course I should fail, and will therefore strive to be cheerful and good-humored if I cannot be witty.

I have heretofore confined myself principally to my remembrances of the street on which I was born and where I spent my youthful days — the days of school and home — days of joy and sorrow, for my school life was a prison one to me, and of course a sad one, but my home was blest with one of the tenderest and best of mothers, and therefore was a most happy one for me. Oh! those dreadful years of school tyranny! they even now, though on the verge of old age, haunt my dreams and memories. My father, through a mistaken estimate of school knowledge, kept me constantly, summer and winter, at school, from the time I was old enough to learn my letters until I had attained to years when I could no longer be controlled; and what between the severe discipline of our schools of that day during the hours of confinement, and the headaches to which I was subject produced by the confinement, a large portion of my childhood was rendered unhappy. Let me enjoin upon parents to do all in their power to make the early life of their children happy. Often the disci-

pline of a school may restrain the development of a really bright child, who if unrestrained might find his own mental pabulum with that fine instinct with which Nature endows her favored children.

I will now conclude my episode, and hope my readers will pardon the references I have given of my early experiences. About 1822 William Street was opened, passing through some fine old meadows belonging principally to William Rotch and Joseph Ricketson. Soon after, or very near this time, Joseph and Thomas Rotch built their mansions near the head of it. The latter is still standing, and is of a style of architecture that retains its genteel character. After the removal of its original owner to Philadelphia, it was occupied by Charles Fleming, a genial and accomplished English gentleman, who married a daughter of William Rotch, Jr. The house of Joseph Rotch, with the lot of land upon which it stood, was sold soon after his death and taken down to divide the ground into house lots. Thus one of our finest old family residences was lost. It was a large and substantial brick house fronting the south at some little distance from the street, and originally with a semicircular carriage drive, which was afterwards fenced in to make a lawn. The house was much injured in appearance by its heavy Tuscan columns of wood, a fashion improperly adopted from the temple architecture of the ancient Greeks and Romans, but now abandoned in private buildings, for which we are indebted in a great measure to the judicious criticism of the late Andrew J. Downing.

About the same time was built on County Street the fine old English-looking mansion of the late James Arnold, recently altered into an elegant French chateau with a "Mansard roof," by its present owner, William J. Rotch. The garden of this establishment has been for a long time much celebrated for its tasteful and ample features, and contains a large variety of the most valuable exotic as well as native plants, inclusive of some fine specimens of European trees and shrubs. It was the production of the late Mrs. Arnold, a lady long to be remembered for her virtues and rare accomplishments, both of head and heart, as well as of personal beauty and elegance. Proserpine herself could not have more truly graced her flowery meads than this lady when seen within her favorite garden walks.

About the year 1825 the mansion of Charles W. Morgan, at the head of William Street, was built, occupying, as before stated, the former grounds of the old Joseph Russell homestead. The old house was removed to a lot on Elm Street, opposite the Friends' Academy, and was for many years owned by the late William Read, and is now the property of our genial fellow-citizen Israel F. Parsons.

Farther down County Street, about 1828, handsome and substantial houses were built by the late William W. Swain and Cornelius Grinnell, Jr., and a few years later the elegant mansions of Joseph Grinnell, on County Street, and Joseph R. Anthony, on Hawthorn Street, the latter now the property of Joseph C. Delano.

The mansion of the late John Avery Parker, at the corner of County and Willis streets, was built in 1834, and occupies the spot where stood the farm-house and residence of Ebenezer Willis, one of our oldest landed proprietors. It is now the property of Thomas Bennett, superintendent of the Wamsutta Mills.

Since these times many fine houses have been built, and our city has long been celebrated for its elegant private residences, as well as for the beauty of its situation and the healthfulness of its climate over most parts of New England, the temperature being from 8 to 10 degrees cooler in summer, and about the same number of degrees warmer in winter than Boston.

In speaking of our more costly edifices, I would also express my regret that so many of the substantial, old-fashioned houses of the days of our grandfathers have disappeared, or have become so altered as hardly to be recognized; this change has grown out in a great measure of the increase of business in the lower parts of the city, where our first settlers built. "Prospect Hill," the present location of the "Bethel," must have been a very prominent as well as pleasant spot a hundred years ago, eight years after John Lowden built his house (1764) on Water Street, the first erected east of the County road. At the top of this hill, generally known as "Johnnycake Hill," was an old gambrel-roofed house, the residence of James Durfee, Sr., and near by a school-house, the master at one time William

Sawyer Wall, a Friend, and the father of the artist, William Allen Wall.

Wherever one of those substantial old houses, built from the native timber, can be spared, let a good word be spoken for their preservation, even with their old chimneys, that give the house so much support, and the fireplaces, always ready for an open fire and useful for ventilation.

Let us now go back a few years, say about 1823, and take a look on Water Street. Who are the men actively engaged in business at this date? It is nearly noon; a number are going up the flights of stone steps at the north and south sides of the portico of the old Bedford Commercial Bank, and among them are several active young men, dressed in the costume of Friends, perhaps Benjamin Rodman, Andrew Robeson, Paul Barney, Thomas and Joseph Rotch, while hurrying to and fro are other young men, in the "world's" costume, Elisha Haskell, Lysander Washburn, William and Gideon Allen, Cornelius Grinnell, Jr., Robert S. Smith, and Jireh Perry; and among the older men might occasionally be seen, Capt. Cornelius Grinnell, Capt. William Howland, John Howland, Sr., and perhaps that intelligent and humorous old sea captain, David Leslie, a Scotchman by birth, who lived in the old "Mason house," on Main Street, and Capt. Nash Decost, a substantial hearty man, with the marks of smallpox in his face.

Peter Barney, a member of the Society of Friends, an auctioneer, was quite a marked character, both from his personal appearance and manner. His face

was broad and ruddy, his body large and long, and his legs short. He wore the primitive Quaker costume, and in summer it was usually light drab. His particular tormentor was Jehaziel Jenney, a terribly practical joker. In vain would Friend Barney order him out of his auction-room for disturbing the sales. Jehaziel was utterly invulnerable to any rebuffs of this sort, and would perhaps in a few minutes after his reproof, seat himself very demurely upon the counter by the auctioneer, facing the company and making his grimaces, unseen by the auctioneer. Friend Barney died at an advanced age at his house, on the corner of Third and School streets. He was a native of Nantucket and a cousin of William Rotch, Jr. He sat on the second rising seat, or the one below the ministers and elders at the Friends' Meeting-house, that is, "facing the meeting" as it is expressed, and considered an honorable place for those of marked merit. I shall disappoint some of my elder readers perhaps in not relating some of the jokes of Jehaziel, but thinking that they will appear to disadvantage in print I will leave them for others, who may remember them, to narrate. His personal appearance was peculiar; he was short, and a cripple, one leg being shorter than the other and supplied with an "iron foot" attached to his boot. By the assistance of a cane on which he leaned with both his hands he "hiopled" along, as the Scotch would say. He was remarkable for the power of changing his countenance, enhanced by his large gray eyes. His jokes were too practical for modern civilization or any civi-

lization, and not always harmless to others. Doubtlessly he had his good side, which he kept for occasions calculated to need its exhibition. Jehaziel was the master of a little sloop that made trips up the "North River," as the Hudson was then called.

There were many odd characters about town at that time, generally men of intemperate habits — some of whom had seen days of prosperity. My older readers will readily call them to mind, and I refrain from personal portraits and names, as I would not give any offense in these hasty reminiscences of a generation long since gone to a tribunal of far greater mercy than any on earth. I remember how one of these old fellows astonished me when a schoolboy. I was in the little watchmaker's shop that formerly stood on the corner now occupied by the "Marine Bank," then kept by our old fellow-citizen, still living at an advanced age in Lynn, Mass., John Bailey, when the aforesaid person came up to me, and stooping down looked me squarely in the face, opening his great light-blue eyes as widely as possible, and exclaiming in a loud voice, "Humph! Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullocks' liver!" Quoted probably from some old writer, but whom I know not, possibly from Dr. Wolcott, the "Peter Pindar" of the day, whose satires were then quite popular here as well as in England.

The origin of a phrase that was once quite common in our community and will be recognized as such by my older readers, "One at a time, Susanna!" I may,

I trust, give without harm. Formerly opposite the old "Eagle Tavern" was a small one-story house, painted red, and, at the time I write of, occupied by one Benoni Aldrich, a "drinking man," and his wife Susanna. The latter was a good, honest creature, as the wives of worthless men are apt to be, and her husband, when he had taken a dram or so, was devotionally exercised. Have you not seen, worthy reader, men of this sort, whose piety was particularly prominent when in their cups?

Well, upon a certain dark evening, Benoni returned home late, but found as usual his faithful wife at the fireside waiting to receive him. Benoni (the Scripture interpretation of whose name is "Son of my grief") took his chair beside her, and after a short, silent Quaker meeting, dropped upon his knees, saying, "Susanna, let us pray." Poor Susanna, ever ready to encourage her worse half in well doing, kneeled by his side, and as he prayed, taking his introductory words as literal, she prayed also. This continued for some little time, their voices rising in concert, or rather discord together, when Benoni, disturbed by the interruption, or unwilling that his wife should be a co-equal with him in his devout expression, turned towards her, and in a voice of solemn reproof said, as before quoted, "One at a time, Susanna!" Some young men who had seen Benoni enter his house, were looking in at the window during the scene, and thus gave it publicity. I have but little talent for narrating these matters, and shall generally avoid them at the risk even of proving too didactic for

some of my readers; but I will venture on one more in which the same character figures.

Benoni, on his way to his work, passed a cornfield, the property of a certain Capt. C., who lived on South Second Street. Capt. C. had requested Benoni when passing to see if there were any hogs among his corn. Faithful to his trust Benoni, who had been out very late, having taken a dram too much, as usual, it being a clear, moonlight night, wended his steps as well as he could to the cornfield of Capt. C., and after traveling up and down among the rows of corn, and finding no intruders, set off for the town, some three miles away, arriving after midnight. Reaching the door of Capt. C., he made the neighborhood ring with his loud knocks. After a time Capt. C., in his nightcap, opened a chamber window, the light of the moon revealing to him his nocturnal guest, when Benoni, staggering into the middle of the street and striking a tragic attitude, exclaimed, "Capt. C., I have surveyed thy field calmly, coolly, and sedately, by the light of the moon! and there were no hogs there!" With an execration Capt. C. hastily closed his window, and left his unwelcome visitor, ever true to his name, to find his way home as best he could to his wondering and faithful but much wronged Susanna, for whose memory let the recording muse drop a tear of respect.

VII

"The voices of my home! — I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night —
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight!
I hear them still unchanged; though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth —
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!
Have died in others — yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back — the voices of my home!"

MRS. HEMANS.

How tenderly has the sweet poetess touched upon that dearest of all places, the home of our childhood, with all its sacred memories inseparably inwoven as they are with that dear maternal love, and with that beloved spirit now perhaps no more on earth, but an inhabitant of the blessed land! I may be pardoned in these desultory reminiscences, in which I pretend to no regular order of time or place, if occasionally I revert to scenes or events already mentioned, for the sake of a fuller description. I shall therefore without further introduction proceed to describe the home of my boyhood as a good specimen of the homes of that day, and of course the one with which I was the best acquainted. The residence of my father, Joseph Ricketson, Sr., spoken of before, on Main Street, facing Seventh, presented quite a different aspect from its present one. There was a front

fence with high posts and balls upon them, and a gateway opening at the sidewalk, and leading to the front door, which was a heavy old-fashioned one, painted mahogany color, and with a brass knocker, and brass handle with thumb-latch. The windows were of the heavy crown glass, and the blinds also heavy and of the oldest fashion, and the color of the house a faded brownish white. The house, as seen from Seventh Street, appeared completely embowered in trees, magnificent willows on either side, their tops meeting, and forming an arch; while in front were four beautiful horse-chestnuts. The front yard was ornamented with fine flowering shrubs and trees, such as the Persian lilac, the dwarf magnolia, the smoke-bush, and the choicest roses of the day, the delicious damask, white, and cinnamon, — roses which still hold their charm over me as well for their intrinsic value as for the associations connected with them, their odor and beauty, so awakening to the memory. We had also what we called an east and a west yard, the latter the larger, and both well stocked with ornamental trees and the choicest fruit, such as pear, peach, and cherry. Our "Gardner" or "Virgalieu" pears were quite celebrated, and have never to my taste been exceeded by any modern variety. Among our ornamental trees, such as the English walnut, butternut, etc., we had the largest and finest catalpa in town, which overhung the sidewalk, making a grateful shade with its broad leaves in summer, while its beautiful flowers, with those of the horse-chestnut, were much admired. Our east yard was

smaller and opened to our neighbor's, Dr. Eben Perry's, our back doors being opposite, so that friendly visits could be easily exchanged without going into the street. In this yard were our best peaches, and a noble English cherry tree, a great favorite of the robin of course. In the rear of the house was another large yard, with the barn, overhanging which at the rear was a noble ash, where the robins used to sing and build annually; then came the broad meadows, in the centre of which, and nearly in front of the present Baptist church on William Street, was a "Dutch cap" for storing the hay when the crop was too large for my grandfather's barn and our own; near by was a well for watering cattle, and in the northwest corner, a spring and a little pool of water, where we boys used to wade and paddle about. From the adjacent woods and thickets came most of our familiar birds, and besides the robin in our trees, the song-sparrow built in the whortleberry-bushes, a few of which still remained by the old moss-covered walls. Those genial songs of Nature's choristers, and sweet rural scenes, still charm my memory, mingling so pleasantly in the picture gallery of youth. Besides the entrance to these fields from our home premises, which was a common bar-way, there was another through a lane just east of where the Episcopal church now stands, leading from Main Street, with a high wooden gate of a yellowish brown color at the end.

William Street was opened about 1820–3, and the first lot sold by my father from our homestead was

that now occupied by the mansion of our respected fellow-citizen Oliver Crocker, one of our oldest and wealthiest merchants. On the opposite side, soon after, were erected by the late Wing Russell, some works for making Prussian blue, since carried on at the west part of the city by Henry V. Davis. The Baptist church was erected not long after, and the first pastor was, I believe, Gideon B. Perry, among whose successors were John Overton Choules, Henry Jackson, Dr. Babcock, John Girdwood, and the present pastor, D. D. Winn. This church has ever included among its members some of our most respectable citizens, and is at present sharing an almost unprecedented prosperity under its faithful and popular pastor. This meeting-house had originally a triangular bell, which was removed many years ago, and its place supplied by the present genuine article. The old meeting-house of this society was near the corner of Second and School streets, on the west side of Second; it had a tower and spire with a vane, but no bell; on the sides of the square part of the tower were black circular spots, where the clock dials are usually placed. James Barnaby, who is now living at an advanced age, was a pastor of this society during the occupancy of its old house. This building was converted into a large dwelling-house, and is still standing upon or near by its original foundation. A school under the auspices of this society was for several years kept by Benjamin Fry, who was, I believe, a successful teacher. Some of our earliest Baptists came from Providence, R. I., and so the

church has a direct lineal descent from that learned and honorably distinguished apostle Roger Williams, who, for refreshing the memories of my readers I may add, was born in Wales in 1599, and was educated at Oxford. He arrived in this country and was settled at Salem, Mass., 1631. His advocacy of religious liberty caused his banishment in 1635. He died in April, 1683, aged 84 years. And now having got into this religious atmosphere, I may as well speak of another, and perhaps others still, of those religious societies that have from time to time sprung up in our once old Quaker town.

At this time, fifty years ago, the Unitarian society, which was a sort of offshoot from the old Arminian body once represented by the celebrated Samuel West, D. D., was not in a very flourishing condition. Its minister was Jonathan Whittaker, the father of the schoolmaster Daniel W., heretofore spoken of. The old meeting-house stood at the corner now occupied by "Liberty Hall," and after it was abandoned by the Unitarians became the original "Liberty Hall," which was burned down nearly twenty years ago, and the old bell which had for so many years rung out its peals at morning, noon, and eve, under the strong arms of Job Allen, a Quaker blacksmith, and others, was silenced. Job also, whom I remember as a good-natured old man, has long since been gathered to his fathers. His residence was on Purchase Street, one corner of which may be remembered as the "Old Curiosity Shop" of the veteran abolitionist and worthy citizen, John Bailey.

The great schism in the Society of Friends from 1818 to 1820 proved a harvest to the tottering Unitarians. Many of these shipwrecked Quakers, among whom were a number of the wealthiest and best educated of our citizens, joined the Unitarians and settled Orville Dewey as their pastor. Then came a great change in our once quiet hamlet, — fashionable costumes and parties became the vogue, with music and dancing. The customs of our metropolis were introduced, and one of our late leading merchants who had been strict in the use of the "plain language" and dress, after a winter spent in Boston, returned home with a fashionable blue coat and gilt buttons, and used frequently in his conversation with his friends the then fashionable exclamation of surprise, "Good God, sir!" dropping altogether his Quaker phraseology and habits. What the Friends lost the public gained; for it opened a new era of religious light and knowledge, and the present advanced state of intellectual culture and a love for the fine arts in our city have, in a great measure, grown out of it.

The next religious society of importance, as I remember, was that of the Orthodox Congregationalists. After occupying a schoolhouse on Second Street, just north of the present residence of Dr. Wm. A. Gordon, under the pastoral charge of the late Sylvester Holmes, the society built a handsome church on Purchase Street, on the spot now occupied by the substantial structure of stone. It was one of the old-fashioned New England meeting-houses of

sixty or seventy years ago, which so mark the scenery, and often with good effect, in our rural districts. This, too, for many years, had no bell; but the society, becoming wealthier, at last procured one, and I well remember the time it was hoisted up to its destined place in the belfry, and listened with interest to its first ringing. I was disappointed, for it had not the clear tones of the old bell, its Unitarian neighbor, and never much improved by time and use. It was said to be too thick for its size, and had a heavy, unmusical sound, rather thumping the air than setting it dancing with electrical power. I do not think it would have frightened witches and wizards from the neighborhood; and I fear that it did not the deil. This old bell has been happily supplanted by that now on the new church, which I have never heard surpassed for clearness or sweetness of tone. When heard a few miles from town on a still evening, and amid rural scenes, the air seems full of melody, the soothing effect of which after the cares and worries of the day must prove very grateful to every attentive listener. I am informed that the bell was selected by the late Henry P. Willis, who for many years was a devoted and prominent member of this society, a man of strong musical taste, and the leading chorister of this church. The public, as well as his own particular society, are indebted to him for his judicious choice. I hope that the time is not far distant when we shall have a chime in our city.

This society, known as the North Congregational,

has doubtless exercised a strong influence in the religious sentiment of our place, and has probably never been in a more flourishing condition than at the present time. Among its members have also ever been some of our most prominent and useful citizens, and its ministers men of marked ability, who have broken up "the fallow ground," and thus prepared the way for sowing the amenities and graces of Christian truth, which we trust is now being done with a liberal hand. More than any other in our place, this society represents the original New England character as handed down from the "Pilgrim Fathers," from whom it dates its history.

To Sylvester Holmes, before mentioned as the founder of this society, great credit is due for his unwearied exertions through a long series of years, and which resulted in the permanent establishment of this present large and influential sect in our city. To his exertions the erection not only of the old meeting-house of wood before mentioned, but the present one of stone, was mainly indebted, as well as that of the "Pacific Church," in which he subsequently officiated. The South Congregational Church, at present in a flourishing condition, was an offshoot from the parent stock, and must acknowledge its indebtedness to the same source for the material furnished. "Parson Holmes," the name by which he was familiarly known, was indeed a man of great energy and ability, one of those "self-made" men who make a strong mark upon their day and generation. Although a preacher of the old Calvinistic school, he

possessed many genial qualities; among them a vein of humor in which he occasionally indulged. Many amusing anecdotes of him are still remembered, and his day of usefulness to his society and the public should not be forgotten. Among the ministers of this society who have succeeded its founder, Sylvester Holmes, are Thomas M. Smith, Robert S. Hitchcock, Azariah Eldridge, Henry W. Parker, and the present pastor, Alonzo H. Quint.

As it is not my intention to write the ecclesiastical history of our place, I shall only speak in conclusion of the Methodists, who, in their earlier days, were a comparatively small body, but had already built their commodious house on Elm Street, owned and occupied as a carriage-makers' shop by Henry H. Forbes since the building of the large and substantial structure on County Street. The Methodists here, as well as elsewhere, have ever been marked for their sincerity and earnestness, and among the members have ever been some of our most worthy and exemplary citizens. Not being much of a meeting goer, I have rarely heard one of their body; but my impression of the preaching of such men as John N. Maffit and "Father Taylor," so-called, whom I heard in my youth, is that it was highly sensational, and to those unaccustomed to it appeared extravagant. I hardly think that those good and devout men, John and Charles Wesley, men of fine education and large culture, would have depended as much upon this emotional presentation of Scripture truths as on the gentler as well as more profound method of induction through

the reason and the heart. Of course these things differ with different preachers, and many of these of the present day are rarely excelled for the highest qualities of pulpit eloquence.

Among the early ministers of this body of the Christian church in our place were the following, long since translated, as we trust, to a higher sphere of existence in the land of the blessed : Isaac Bonney, whom a good Methodist friend says "was one of Nature's noblemen," Daniel Webb, so well known and respected in this city by the public as well as by his own religious brethren, Epaphras Kibbey, Timothy Merritt, Jesse Fillmore, Shepley W. Wilson, Edward T. Taylor, Enoch Mudge, the latter for so many years the faithful chaplain of our Port Society at the "Bethel," known as "Father Mudge," and beloved by all, Asa Kent, a plain, old-fashioned man and much respected, who died at an advanced age a few years since.

Among the leading members of this society forty and fifty years ago were John Hawes, then the collector of our port, the father of the late William T. Hawes and Samuel W. Hawes, of Buffalo, N. Y., formerly enterprising merchants of this city, and grandfather of Hon. John A. Hawes, of Fairhaven ; Zaccheus Cushman, sailmaker ; Jonathan Tuttle, the first superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school; Timothy I. Dyre, brass founder ; James Dyre, draper and tailor ; Benjamin T. Sanford, long a faithful and useful member of the society ; Jonathan R. Ward, baker ; Benjamin Pitman, silversmith and

optician, the father of Judge Pitman of the Superior Court of this state; William R. Pitman, a former resident here; Joseph Brownell, who, like Elihu Burritt and Robert Collyer, made his anvil ring to some purpose, and used it as a stepping stone to success in life; and in conclusion of these worthies, Benjamin C. Ward, draper and tailor, Ambrose Vincent, and Caleb L. Ellis.

I fear in my last chapter that I did injustice to our old fellow-citizen, Jehaziel Jenney, in giving too much prominence to his character as a practical joker. I am informed by those who knew him intimately, that he possessed many estimable qualities, and was at heart marked for his kindness; that his jokes were intended to be harmless, and usually in return for some previously played upon himself. I regret herein if in my casual remarks I may have unintentionally done him wrong, and would say that in these hasty sketches, as I shall endeavor to "nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice," I hope I shall be pardoned for such errors as I may unwittingly fall into.

VIII

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies,
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens, or fades; yet all with magic art
Control the latent fibres of the heart."

The Pleasures of Memory.— ROGERS.

THE mind of man resembles a kaleidoscope, ever presenting new features; but to bring these changes into regular and agreeable forms requires a good deal of care as well as knowledge of the laws that govern them. So in these sketches of mine, it is not so much the want of material to work upon, as the selection and arrangement required. "*Hic labor, hoc opus.*"

When I left my readers in my last chapter, I was among the churches, rather dangerous ground I am aware, and having

"Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme."

Let us return to every-day life, and look about old Main Street a little more. I have already been to the head of this street and described the fine old mansion of Abram Russell, Sr., with its broad surroundings. I might have told my readers that prior

to the building of this house, a windmill, the property of Joseph Russell, the father of Abram, stood upon the spot. This mill, or a similar one, afterwards owned by Gilbert Russell, Sr., and his son-in-law, Cornelius Grinnell, Jr., stood upon the lot where the former subsequently built the house now the residence of S. G. Morgan. This mill was used principally for grinding linseed. In my boyhood I often visited it, and other mills, and remember the exhilarating influence of the arms when in motion, as well as the jar of the heavy stones within, and the peculiar odor of the heated meal as it fell into the trough from the hopper. This mill was moved, to make room for the aforesaid house, to the north part of "Noel Taber road," on a high spot on the west side, and here it found its end many years ago, though well worthy of preservation as a memento of the past. During my boyhood there was also a "water-mill," with over-shot wheel, on the old Caleb Russell farm, just in the rear of the residence of Charles H. Gifford, County Street. There was also a water "grist-mill" on the lane leading from the County road to the woods, now known as "Arnold Street," and a large "windmill" at the "north end," the arms of which were changed from the usual ones with slats and sails spread upon them for two long spars crossed in the middle with sails resembling stay-sails. These sails I believe answered their purpose, but I thought them far less picturesque than the old ones, and a decided innovation. Innovation has been the rule, however, from that day to the present, and New

Bedford of to-day, with its complicated city government, is quite a different affair from that of the days of which I write.

We had two old-fashioned "rope-walks" at this time, near the shore below the old burying-ground of the Friends. The men who worked in these always appeared very solemn to me, perhaps from one of them, a venerable looking old man by the name of Bliss (his name certainly should have saved him), who was the town sexton, and perhaps extended the solemn influence of his calling to his fellow-workmen. Their walking backwards may have also aided in this result, so completely reversing the order of Nature. We no longer have "rope-walks," but "cordage factories," with machinery such as our forefathers little dreamed of. At the foot of Main Street was a large weather-colored building, the lower part occupied as a grocery by Levi Standish, and the upper part (entered by a flight of stairs on the south) by Benjamin and Thomas Sanford, painters. On the north corner of Union and Front streets was the "paint shop" of William Russell, a man of great energy and respectability, whose peculiar Roman nose will be remembered by all who knew him. Near by on Front Street were the groceries of Alexander Gibbs and David R. Greene, and next to these north, the red painted shop of Francis Taber, pump and block maker, a grocery kept by Sands Wing next north, and opposite Jonathan Card, also a pump and block maker, the three last Friends, and a little south, Alfred Gibbs, once "Gray & Gibbs." Farther north, on the

east side of Front Street, was John C. Haskell, ship chandler, and before him, in the same building, William James, a Friend. On the next street were Coombs & Crocker, Hussey & Allen, afterwards Elisha Dunbar & Co. Up the street were Enoch Horton, baker, Thomas Riddell, ship chandler, Gamaliel Bryant, grocer, and at the south corner, on Water Street, Robert S. Smith, dry goods, and the north, Jireh Perry, dry goods, afterwards S. & C. S. Tobey, same business. And here we will halt and look about us a little, having entered Water Street again, which was at this time the fashionable as well as most busy part of the town.

Among the worthy old characters whom I remember seeing on this street was the Hon. Lemuel Williams, a short, old-fashioned man, then verging on eighty years, of a fresh countenance and mild blue eyes; he wore knee breeches, usually of a drab color, and a dark blue coat of antique style, and his hair powdered, a goodly portion of the powder seen on his coat collar as well as on his hair. He was a native of Taunton, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard College 1765 — had been a member of Congress, and was a good specimen of the gentlemen of the days of the Revolution. He died in this place Nov. 9, 1828, aged 81 years, and was buried at Acushnet, in the old burying-ground formerly attached to the meeting-house of Dr. Samuel West, the learned and eccentric D. D. of former days. An anecdote is told relative to this old gentleman (Hon. Lemuel Williams), which is more complimentary to his wife

than to himself. Upon a certain public occasion his son Lemuel, who was for many years a prominent lawyer here, and subsequently a partner of Charles H. Warren, was delivering an address in the old Unitarian meeting-house, where nearly all public occasions were wont to be celebrated, when a waggish fellow stepped into the entry to listen, where he found the father of the orator also listening. After a little time the roguish wag turned to the old man, pretending not to know who the speaker was, and asked him his name, expressing at the same time his admiration of his eloquence. "Why," answered the unsuspicious old gentleman with evident pride, "don't you know who that is? That is my son Lem." "Your son Lem!" replied the wag; "your son Lem, indeed! And who was his mother?" "She was an Otis," answered the old man. "An Otis!" said the wag; "an Otis! Ah! that accounts for it."

As we were on Water Street, I must just notice Job Otis (I did not intend a rhyme) the apothecary, or as his sign told, "Apothecary and Physician," a member of the Society of Friends, and one who took a prominent part in the great schism of 1818–24, and was active in causing "disownments" of those not deemed orthodox according to the "Procrustean" test of those days. He lived to witness another division in his party, and was a noted "Wilburite." Next south was the well-known watch and clock maker, Josiah Wood, a mild, blue-eyed man, who attended the Friends' meeting with his family, though not himself a member, I believe. His sign,

a large wooden gilt watch, projected on an iron crane at the south corner. On the other corner was "Cannon's tavern," a dark-looking place, in the west end of which, on the corner of Water and Main streets, Simeon Bailey, afterwards postmaster, kept a dry-goods shop. Up the street were Leonard Macomber, grocer, Hervey Sullings, hardware dealer, George Sisson, crockery; opposite these were Thomas T. Churchill, dry goods, Clarissa Burt, milliner, Reuben and William Swift, cabinet makers, and at the corner above was a small bookstore, kept by Stephen Smith, the editor of a paper called "The Record of the Times," and its editor and proprietor was known by the name of "Record-of-the-Times-Smith," and by which name he will be recognized by my older readers. He was a tall, peculiar-looking person, with large, black eyes, and possessed of considerable editorial ability. His paper, as I remember it, was marked for its vigor and independence. He was a strong orthodox. He did not, however, succeed, and became, I believe, quite reduced in his circumstances. His paper must have had a short life, for I do not remember of seeing but a few numbers of it. The newspapers published in New Bedford at this time, about 1828–30, were the "Mercury," by Benj. Lindsey, and the "Register," by Benj. T. Congdon, a practical printer, of the Dr. Franklin order, whom I fancied he somewhat resembled.

In a small one-story building at the foot of "Johnnycake Hill" was the apothecary shop of Read and Thornton, — Alexander Read, M. D., and Elisha

Thornton. The doctor withdrew after a few years, and the business was continued successfully for many years by Elisha Thornton & Sons. The business has also been continued in the family until the present year by Elisha Thornton, Jr., and other members of the family, who have now all retired from the business, having prosecuted it with great industry and faithfulness for some fifty years. Opposite "Thornton's" was, for several years, Samuel Brown, bookseller and stationer, and next above Alanson Gooding, watch and clock maker, where, behind a large bow-window, the worthy occupant of the shop might be seen by the passer-by year after year busily employed in examining and repairing the watches of our citizens. Though a man of delicate health, he has outlived many a stronger one, and though verging on fourscore, is still to be seen in his daily walks about our streets.

The barbers' shops in those days were places of note, where not alone chins were shaven, and heads cropped, but politics and town gossip were freely and sometimes warmly discussed; once to the writer's knowledge, between a rabid Democrat and a Whig, extending to blows. Nathaniel Rodgers and James Ingraham were the professors of this department of fine art, and their shops had their regular sets of customers. They were both pleasant men, as I believe barbers usually are, probably from their daily meeting so many people in an intimate and confidential manner. Some shopkeepers I have observed attain, from the same cause, great agreeableness of

manners, rendering it a pleasure to see them and purchase their wares. True politeness is a great accomplishment, and they who are "to the manner born" are fortunate. I fear our Saxon race cannot boast of any great degree of this valuable commodity. The shop of barber Ingraham was of itself a curiosity. It was in the west part of the same building occupied by Alanson Gooding, and under the law office of John Nye. It was a dingy-looking room, but the walls were covered with engravings, some of them colored, of all sorts of scenes, among them caricatures of a description that would hardly in these days be thought in good taste. The barber himself was a fresh, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed man, who wore his hair braided on his crown, a common fashion then with bald people, and was as fond of entertaining his customers with his jokes and stories as of receiving their "four-pence-hapennies" for shaving or cutting their hair.

Farther up, on the corner, was John Bailey, watchmaker, and on the opposite corner above, Andrew Gerrish, book-seller, afterwards the office of Dr. Edward W. Greene. Then came the post-office; Richard Williams postmaster, a retired sea captain and son-in-law of his predecessor (Abraham Smith), a man of cordial manners as well as of high respectability. In person he was tall and muscular, a strong, fresh-looking man, a native of Taunton, Mass., and reputed to have had the blood of Oliver Cromwell in his veins; whether he had or not, he was a peaceable man, a good citizen, and "guiltless of his country's blood."

Let us retrace our steps a little back to Water Street. Here our old fellow-citizen, Oliver Swain, commenced his business in keeping ready-made boots and shoes. His shop always appeared neat and everything in good order, and articles quite new to our town were to be found here in the way of fashionable ladies' shoes, fur-bound carpet moccasins, etc. His clerk at this time was James Eaton, of Reading, Mass., who is still living, I believe, in his native place. In the same building was the hat manufactory of Edward Dillingham, as announced on his sign by two hats, one that of a civilian, and the other a military chapeau.

"Rose alley" should not be forgotten, a narrow street running from Water to Front. It derived its name, I believe, from its peculiar odor. Whenever I had occasion to pass through it, it was generally on a run. Near the foot of this lane, on the north side, was the joiner's shop of Benjamin Taber, a strong-built, old-fashioned mechanic.

Back to Water Street, and a little farther south, was the apothecary shop of Wing Russell, successor to Caleb Greene, whose clerk was James Newton, now, if I mistake not, the famous Dr. Newton of Newport, R. I., who has the reputation of making wonderful cures by laying on his hands and exercising his faith as well as inspiring a corresponding one in his patients.

Among the old merchants of our place in former days were Seth Russell & Sons; the two latter, Charles and Seth, were fifty years ago actively engaged in

the whalefishery. They built the large brick building at the corner of Union and Water streets, and afterwards Charles built the large granite mansion of three stories on Pleasant Street, now owned and occupied by H. H. Forbes, and Seth also built a large house of wood at the south end on County Street, now owned and occupied by Henry T. Wood. Their former residences were, respectively, that of Seth in the large old-fashioned house on the corner of Second and Kempton streets, and that of Charles, a genteel and commodious house which stood on Purchase Street, corner of Charles, now included in the block there. In the first great commercial crisis experienced in our place, 1832–3, these worthy old citizens became involved and lost their former large possessions. Others, who in those days were prominent in the business walks of life, have met with severe reverses of fortune, and from prosperity have tasted of the cup of adversity; while others still, whom we remember in the humbler occupations, are now rejoicing in wealth and luxury. So goes the world; and with the turning of the wheel of fortune, some must be up while others are down, a happy medium being on the whole the surest guarantee against a downfall. But whether rich or poor, it is well for us all to remember the "Rock from whence we are hewn and the pit from whence we are digged."

Among our men of talent and culture, at this time, was the only son of Charles Russell, John Summers Russell, attorney and counselor-at-law, a man of small stature but keen intellect. Although not a

member of the Society of Friends, he wore the costume of the society in great simplicity, and would at this day, as he did even forty years ago, present an odd appearance in our streets. He was a man of literary ability, excelling both in poetry and prose, and one of the prominent members of the "Dialectic Society," with John Mason Williams, John Brewer, Abram Shearman, and others of talent and culture. His office was in the north part of an old building on Water Street, the property of his father, and here the writer entered as a student-at-law in the spring of 1832, passing a pleasant year under the tuition of his friend and master. Occasionally during the spring and summer, we took a walk into the country to see the wild flowers and hear the birds sing. He did not pluck flowers, but loved to see them undisturbed in their native haunts. His health was then failing, and he died in 1834.

IX

OF THE LAW

"Their bags were full of writs, and of citations,
Of process, and of actions and arrests,
Of bills, of answers, and of replications,
In courts of delegates, and of requests,
To grieve the simple sort with great vexations:
They had resorting to them as their guests,
Attending on their circuit and their journeys,
Scriveners, and clerks, and lawyers, and attorneys."

MONTAIGNE.

IN my last chapter I touched upon the law, of which profession I was nearly forty years ago a slender twig. I got little beyond Blackstone and Kent, with an occasional sniff at old Coke, to whom all humane people owe a grudge for his brutal prosecution of Sir Walter Raleigh. I found some comfort in the good and learned Sir William Jones, whose little work on bailments, I remember, was then considered in its style a model of elegance, and our own equally good and learned Joseph Story, the wise and humane jurist and commentator, whom I once saw preside on the bench of the U. S. Court at Newport, R. I. I once also met the learned old Chancellor Kent, at a boarding house in Plymouth, Mass. He was then (about 1836) a hale, fresh-looking man of some sixty-five years, though "superannuated" for his office by the laws of his state, New York.

Of the other writers on "contracts," "shipping,"

"insurance," etc., I remember little except names, but all of whom kept up my respect and admiration for the "noble study," destined, however, to be so utterly confounded, when at last I was brought face to face in the petty litigation of our courts. Good men and learned men we had then upon the bench and at the bar, but pettifoggers existed, and prospered in their own little way.

Our Court House was built about the year 1830, at the time when the pseudo-Greek style of architecture was in vogue. It is a substantial structure of brick, and internally well arranged and comfortable; but the heavy Tuscan columns of wood disfigure it greatly. Previously, Taunton was the only shire town for Bristol county, and of course the courts were all held there, to the great inconvenience of this end of the county. New Bedford and Taunton have since the above date shared the honor between them, and the courts are held alternately at each place. Much of the early history of the courts and their members is interesting, but as I do not intend to record many events before my own remembrance, I would refer the curious in these matters to an address delivered before the members of the Bristol Bar some forty years ago, by the late Abraham Holmes, Esq., of Rochester, Plymouth county, Mass., which contains many amusing anecdotes of the old lawyers of his time.

The Judges of our Supreme Court forty years ago were Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice, died 1861; Samuel Sumner Wilde, died 1855; Samuel Putnam,

died 1853; Marcus Morton, died 1864. As these fathers of the law were often in our place in their official duties, and well remembered by our older citizens, I shall notice them as introductory to my short reminiscences of the profession they represent and led. The Chief Justice was a stout man, with a dull, heavy countenance, and small eyes, usually inflamed, as if from over-taxation, slow in his movements and address, but remarkable for the terseness and clearness of his mind; and his charges to juries have probably never been surpassed. I remember seeing him one cold winter day of the December term sitting in the bench with a drab great-coat having four or five capes to it, and looking more like a stage driver than an oracle of the law. His associates, Wilde and Putnam, were older men, the former spare and bony, with close-cropped gray hair, his head and features generally reminding me of the busts of Cicero, and if I mistake not there was a good deal of the old Roman about him. He gave his undivided attention to the business of the court before him, and bore the air of an honest and upright judge, as I doubt not he was. Putnam must have been still older, a small, compact person, of rather small features, I think, and a little stern in manner, perhaps more formal and courteous than common, and consequently would repel any familiarity or liberty from the members of the bar.

Marcus Morton, at this time, was in the prime of his strength, a tall, gentlemanly person, and of a mild and handsome countenance; his manner, too,

was gentle and graceful, and his knowledge of the law was equal to that of his associates'. He was marked for the neatness of his dress, and usually in court wore a ruffled bosom to his shirt, and white cravat. In fact, I think all the judges did the same; but he was the more noticeable. Take him all in all, he impressed me as the most graceful and agreeable public man I ever knew. Although a great Democrat of the old Jeffersonian school, and born in an old-fashioned farmhouse still standing on the east side of Long Pond, East Freetown, he built a palatial mansion in Taunton. Peace to their memories.

Among the leading practitioners at our courts at this time, were William Baylies, Zachariah Eddy, Lemuel Williams, Charles H. Warren, Charles J. Holmes, Timothy G. Coffin, John Summers Russell, Sydney Williams, Hezekiah Battelle; and of the younger members, John H. Clifford, H. G. O. Colby, Thomas D. Eliot. Hon. William Baylies was a large man, of a kindly nature, and considered one of the most learned lawyers of his time. He was a graduate of Brown University, 1795, and died 1865. He had been a member of Congress. Zachariah Eddy was a tall, old-fashioned man, who often quoted "My Lord Coke," and belonged to the "black letter" school. He was learned in the law, and useful to the less learned members of the profession for consultation, answering the purpose of a law library in the court room. The poet Bryant read law with him at Middleborough, and William Baylies at

Bridgewater, and was admitted to the bar at Plymouth in 1815. During the latter part of the old gentleman's life, I had some correspondence with him on the Indian history connected with the beautiful Middleborough ponds, and once visited him at his house and office. The latter was a separate building, and warmed by a wood fire in an open old-style Franklin stove. I found him genial and hospitable, and on his table our latest magazines and modern literature. He was a graduate of Brown University, 1799, and died in 1860. His last years were saddened by the death of a beloved son, whom he accompanied to the West Indies. In a memoir of this son which he wrote, he makes use of the following pathetic quotation from Edmund Burke, written on the occasion of a like affliction: —

"The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize Divine Justice; and in some degree submit to it. The Divine Wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute. I am alone, and I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world."

Read this, ye aspirants for wealth and honor, and ponder upon it. A lesson is truly herein inculcated from which there are few who may not profit.

I am aware that I am running a little beyond the record, but in introducing my reminiscences of the legal profession as I remember it in our courts, I

could not well avoid including those who bore so prominent a part in them. I shall now proceed to those who resided here. I have already spoken incidentally of our older lawyers, those before my time — Thomas Hammond, a graduate of Harvard College, 1787, died 1803; John Nye, and Edward Pope. The senior member of our bar was, I think, at this time Lemuel Williams, son of Hon. Lemuel Williams, spoken of in my last. He was a graduate of Brown University of the class of 1804. Died 1869. A man of calm manners and agreeable appearance. Although a good "chamber lawyer," his manner was too unimpassioned to impress a jury, still his weight in court was readily seen. He succeeded Russell Freeman, also of the legal profession, from Sandwich, as collector of our port, and had an unfortunate altercation with his predecessor in office upon the sidewalk near the old Four-Corners, which ended in a tussle and blows. Freeman was a man of talent and genuine wit, but owing to deafness was obliged to give up his profession. He was a fine, healthy-looking man, and his wife marked for her handsome face and gentle manners. As next door neighbors of my father, we saw much of them and valued their friendship highly. He was remarkably quick at repartee, one or more instances of which I will venture to give. At a public dinner in Sandwich, the Rev. Mr. Lincoln, who was opposed to Mr. Freeman in politics, rose, and looking towards his political antagonist, repeated the following lines: —

"If Skinner skins us of our treasure,
And Bidwell robs us without measure,
How many more like these must follow
To make the public treasury hollow?"

Freeman was immediately on his feet as the parson took his seat, and replied in the following impromptu: —

"If it takes nine tailors to make a man,
I pray you tell me, if you can,
How many such as Parson Lincoln
Would make one saint that God would think on?"

About this time a work was published in London, entitled, "A World without Souls." A member of the Plymouth bar, by the name of Zachariah Soule, once a man of good standing, and a graduate of Brown University, 1799, had become so intemperate and careless in his person and habits as to be discarded by his former friends. Upon some occasion in reference to this fallen member, Mr. F. made the following *jeu d'esprit*: —

"A world without souls is the world I 'd admire,
If all souls in the world were like Soule Zachariah!"

The partner of Lemuel Williams was the Hon. Charles Henry Warren, a graduate of Harvard College, 1817, and for many years the leading lawyer of our place, and among the first in our county. He was our first District Attorney, and afterwards a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In person he was at the time I was a student in his office, 1833–36, rather stout, and with a fresh, handsome countenance, his eye blue, and particularly full and expressive. He was remarkably neat in his dress, and

would have been marked for his gentlemanly appearance in any place. His office was at this time over the Marine Bank, and his room for consultation was carpeted, a rare circumstance in those days. Here was his library, and here he usually sat during office hours. He was a man of ready wit, and much esteemed for his fine social qualities. He was an intimate friend of most of the distinguished men of the time, and Daniel Webster was his guest when he argued the famous case of Green vs. Rider, in 1835. He retired from Boston, his residence for several years after leaving New Bedford a few years since, to Plymouth, his native place, and is, I trust, enjoying his old age in serenity and peace. The best wishes of his quondam pupil and friend go forth to him.

On the other wing was Timothy G. Coffin, a native of Nantucket, and of Quaker origin. He was a graduate of Brown University, 1813, and a man of decided talent and wit, and possessed of a large amount of legal knowledge. He was frequently employed in desperate cases, many of them criminal, and often obtained his case, probably as much to the surprise of his client as of the public. He was what may be termed an heroic practitioner, and could intimidate a weaker man, or professional brother, when the interest of his case as he thought demanded it, so that what he might not obtain by argument he took by storm. He had his sunny side, however, and the closing scenes of his life were represented as being marked by calmness and religious resignation and

hope. I may just add that he was usually employed in opposition to the before-mentioned Charles H. Warren. Ex-Gov. Clifford and the late Hon. H. G. O. Colby were students of Mr. Coffin.

After the dissolution of the old law copartnership of Williams & Warren, the late Hon. Thomas Dawes Eliot, who had been a student of Warren, became his partner. Mr. Eliot was an excellent jurist and probably equal in legal knowledge to any member of the profession of his time in our city. He was the business partner, and always a hard worker. He was a graduate of Columbian College, Washington, D. C., and a good scholar. His great industry and faithfulness to his clients rendered him very popular with them, and his practice was generally among the largest in our city. His mind was so well balanced, and all his powers so well trained, that he won a high stand in his profession and in the public estimation. As our representative in Congress, he will long be remembered for his faithfulness to his constituents. He left a good record of his service to the cause of the slave during the stormy days of the late Civil War.

In my rambles on Water Street I omitted to mention the old-fashioned three-story building, the lower part of which is at present occupied by Charles Almy, insurance agent. Sixty odd years ago the late Hon. John Mason Williams had an office in the second story overlooking the garden of the late Gilbert Russell, which was in the rear of his residence, the building now occupied as an insurance office by

Lawrence Grinnell and others. Here he sat at his window, as I am informed by one who witnessed it, and whiled away his leisure hours in playing upon the German flute. Who would suppose that the astute old Chief Justice could have ever been a musi cian, or a devotee of the Muses, as he most assuredly was? Doubtless the sterner demands of the law at length drove him reluctantly from Mount Parnassus, as it did the illustrious Justice on the English bench, Sir William Blackstone, whose "Farewell to the Muses" must ever awaken a tender sympathy in the heart of the feeling reader. Law and sentiment are not ordinarily associated together, although admirable instances of the kind are found. Among these are Sir William Jones, Sir Walter Scott, Francis Lord Jeffrey, Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), Thomas Noon Talfourd, of Great Britain, and in our own country, Hon. Joseph Story, J. G. C. Brainard, William Cullen Bryant, and Richard H. Dana. If a little salt will savor a large lump, and a few righteous save a city, the case is not entirely hopeless for the gentlemen of the "green bag"! So much, good Justice Williams, for the inspiration of your flute, whose notes from the Arcadian quiet of the past have reached our ears. Hon. John Mason Williams, LL. D., was born in Taunton, Mass., June 24th, 1780. He was a graduate of Brown University in 1801, which institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D. in 1842; and this honor was repeated by Harvard University in 1845. His residence during

most of his life was in Taunton, and for a time in Boston; but after the death of his wife he returned to New Bedford and remained in the family of his son-in-law, Dr. William A. Gordon, until his death, which occurred Dec. 28th, 1868, in the 89th year of his age. Lord Mansfield died at the same age. Earnest intellectual labor is thought by some scientific writers to favor longevity. He was a man of sterling merit, of a highly cultivated mind, an excellent jurist, and has left a noble record of a life of usefulness and virtue to his family, an inheritance of more value than gold and silver. In this community, as well as in others where he was intimately known, his character will long be remembered with respect.

I am informed that when our musico-poetico-lexico friend was performing upon his flute, certain members of the anti-musical fraternity, alias Quakers, with fingers in their ears, would hasten by for fear of contamination; but I am also informed, and which is a fine offset to this "straining at a gnat," that certain young Quaker ladies of higher culture and refinement, who were accustomed to listen to this modern Tityrus from a neighboring house, among whom was the late accomplished Mrs. S. R. A., of the County Street mansion, and from whom the anecdotes come, after he had departed from New Bedford, draped the window at which they listened, in mourning for their loss. How great, indeed, must have been their love for this "divine art" is thus plainly seen, and shows, too, how impossible it is to eradicate

from the human soul a law of Nature so exalted as the love of music. It is probable that there were no Quakers when David played upon his harp and danced before the Lord, nor when the morning stars sang together for joy! But to do justice to the Friends of the present day, it may be stated that while the older members still hold to their former testimonies on this subject, perhaps a little loosely, the society tolerates a moderate indulgence in it, and a number of its members have introduced the piano into their houses.

X

OF MEDICINE

From theologians, lawyers, let us fly,
And find a refuge with the faculty
Who make the "healing art," so called, their trade.
O father Esculapius, lend thy aid!
Lead us in safety through the mystic way,
Where pills and potions cloud the noontide ray;
From lancets, leeches, and blue-mass preserve
Each tender sense, each sympathetic nerve;
And where the purer air of Heaven blows,
The balm of Gilead to our hearts disclose.

RICKETSON.

HAVING in the preceding chapters given some brief sketches of two of the "learned professions," divinity and law, I propose in this to make some notice of the other, that of medicine.

Although there is no human occupation, however humble it may be, that is not unattended with responsibility, there is none where a higher sense of this element of character is more required than in that of the physician, called as he is in the hour of suffering and anxiety, and upon whose skill and care the hopes of so many are resting. No one should take up this profession lightly; nor even for the love of its scientific attractions; much less for its emoluments alone, nor even as an important inducement. Truly a healer of the sick should be a good, and

may I not add, a devout, God-fearing man, a philanthropist, whose first object is to ameliorate suffering, and a necessary qualification for which is a constant recognition of dependence upon divine assistance. I know that there have been skillful physicians and surgeons, who have been sadly wanting in these qualifications; but I trust these are the exceptions, and, as it is sometimes expressed, go to prove the rule. I have rarely known a well-educated and experienced physician, who did not evince by his manner, in cases of importance, a marked decorum, the natural effect of his calling upon his mind; and among these were several of those long since gone from works to rewards, who were so well known in our community forty and fifty years ago, whose names are still household words, and will be remembered with respect by the present generation. Though much of their practice has become obsolete, they were faithful to the state of medical science of their day, and often by their skill were instrumental in removing suffering and disease.

The earliest physicians of this vicinity, so far as I have ascertained, were Dr. Daniel Hathaway, who died in 1727; Dr. Benjamin Burg, who died Sept. 18th, 1748, in the fortieth year of his age, and was buried in the old graveyard at Acushnet. "Doctor Elisha Tobey, Esq.," died May 10th, 1781, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, a well-known physician of his time. His residence was the old gambrel-roofed house in the north part of Acushnet village. Dr. Samuel Perry, another well-known

physician of olden time, a native of Cape Cod, died April 15th, 1805, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His residence was the house now occupied by his grandson, Thaddeus M. Perry, on Acushnet Avenue, near the village of Acushnet. Dr. Samuel Perry, Jr., son of the preceding, died of apoplexy at the house of Judge Pope, New Bedford, Oct. 26th, 1820, aged fifty-seven years. Dr. Ebenezer Perry, another son of the elder Dr. Samuel, also died of apoplexy, March 18th, 1822, in his sixty-seventh year. His residence, on old Main Street, I have spoken of in a previous chapter.

Our leading physicians, fifty years ago, were Paul Spooner, Alexander Read, and William C. Whitridge. Some years after other physicians came in, among whom I remember Drs. Martin Gay and Edward W. Greene. Later were Andrew Mackie, a graduate of Brown University, 1814, lately deceased, a vice-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, an eminent practitioner, and highly respectable citizen; Thomas Wells; Julius S. Mayhew, estimable for his qualities as a man and physician; Thos. E. Gage, Silas Tompkins, Samuel West, Lyman Bartlett, and others. Of the living physicians I shall not speak, as they do not come within my province as a chronicler of the past, and I shall only make short sketches of these older ones, as I remember them in the days of their activity and prime of life, forty odd years ago.

Probably no physician of his time held a more agreeable relationship with the public than Dr. Paul

Spooner. He was born June, 1786, and died in this city, July 18th, 1862, aged seventy-six years. His residence for many years was on the southeast corner of Third and Spring streets, then a pleasant and comfortable place, with garden, yard, and stable. On the front door, besides the usual brass handle and knocker, was a brass plate with the doctor's name upon it. At this period Dr. S. visited his patients on horseback, carrying his medicines in saddle-bags. I well remember his old chestnut horse with switch tail. Dr. S. was a man of medium stature and compactly built, but of rather delicate health during his earlier years, though he became more robust in his old age. He had the look of a physician, his dress always neat, usually black, and a white cravat. His calm and gentlemanly manner on entering a house of sickness, and particularly the room of the sufferer, inspired great confidence in him, and his soothing words doubtlessly often did as much good as his medicines. As an obstetric practitioner he was the most distinguished in our community, and few surgeons have had a larger practice in this important branch than he. His residence for the latter part of his life was the house now owned and occupied by Abner R. Tucker, northwest corner of Seventh and Spring streets. He accumulated a handsome property in his long practice, and left an honorable name to his posterity.

The next physician of distinction in our old town of New Bedford, was Dr. Alexander Read, whose name I have never heard mentioned but with respect.

He was born in Milford, Worcester County, Mass., July 10th, 1786, and died in New Bedford, Nov. 20th, 1849, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, N. H., of the class of 1808, and also a graduate of the Medical Society of the same institution. It is worthy of remark, that many of the older members of the "learned profession" from the earliest history of New England, were graduates of Harvard, Yale, and other colleges. A thoroughness was then observed and expected in every department of human industry, which it would be well for us at the present time to imitate more closely. Dr. Read was a man of sound mind, and, what is better, of a sound heart, a godly, upright, Christian man. It is pleasant to eulogize such a man as Dr. Read, but he needs no words of mine to sound his praises, for his memory lies embalmed not only in the hearts of his remaining family, but of all who knew him. He came to New Bedford when a young man, more than sixty years ago. One of his first introductions to our citizens was by a successful course of lectures on chemistry. In person Dr. R. was of medium size, his head was large, and his countenance fresh and agreeable. His eyes were blue, and his hair and whiskers inclined to reddish brown. He had a love for music, and excelled as a chorister, having been the leader of the choir at his church (the Trinitarian) for more than forty years. He had the misfortune during the latter part of his life to lose the sight of one of his eyes from the virus of a

patient upon whom he had operated; but he continued his practice, although his health appeared impaired from this circumstance.

Of our excellent homœopathic practitioners, one or more being among our best educated and most skillful, as well as popular physicians, may be mentioned the late Dr. Roche, a man of much ability and professional skill, who first introduced this practice in New Bedford.

Great advancement in medical science has been made within the past fifty years, and far less medicine is given at the present time by our best physicians, and the treatment of the sick is milder in every way; while the use of water, which was formerly proscribed in fevers, is now generally admitted. Much good, however, the old physicians doubtlessly did, and their lives were those of labor by night as well as by day, lives of self-sacrifice, and often without pecuniary remuneration.

Dr. William C. Whitridge was born in Tiverton, R. I., 1784, and died in this city, Dec. 28th, 1857, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was the son of Dr. William Whitridge, of the former place, and was a graduate of Union College, N. Y., in 1804, and received the honorary degree of M. D. from Harvard in 1847. His father received a like degree from the same college in 1823. He commenced practice in New Bedford about 1823, and lived for several years in the old "Mason House" on Main Street, corner of Sixth.

At this time our physicians had adopted the use

of the "sulky," which, for the information of my younger readers, I would add, was a one-seated carriage, with two wheels, and sometimes called a "gig," originally without a hood, or top, but latterly this was added. The one used by Dr. W. at the aforesaid date was without covering, a simple seat on wheels, and must have been very uncomfortable, quite unlike the low, stuffed-seated one he used during the last years of his practice, muffled up in two great coats on his daily visits in winter. The Doctor had many genial qualities, and was esteemed a skillful practitioner. He was very negligent in collecting his bills, and for many years lived in leased houses; but his good wife, who had better business talents than her husband, having become tired of moving, took upon herself to collect for him, and this was done so privately and effectively that she had collected sufficient to purchase their residence on the corner of County and Elm streets before he was aware of her doings. He ever after had a good house, and his practice afforded him those comforts he needed, and of which he had so long been deprived. He continued in active practice nearly to the close of his life. In person Dr. Whitridge was tall, and his countenance from youth to age marked for its handsomeness. He had most decidedly the look of a physician of the higher order, with the repose of manner so necessary in one of his profession, as it ever is the characteristic of the well-bred gentleman. He was remarkable for the geniality of his disposition and his enjoyment of humor. His medical and surgical skill was probably

not surpassed by any physician of his time in our place, and his reputation was high among his fraternity. The engraving of the physician in Hood's heart-touching "Bridge of Sighs" used to strongly remind me of Dr. W. When Daniel Webster was here in 1835, and argued in the celebrated case of Greene *vs.* Rider, for the plaintiff, the great orator, who was the guest of Charles H. Warren, Esq., was seized with some trouble in his head to which he was subject, and feared it would end in apoplexy, as in the case of his brother Ezekiel. Dr. Whitridge was called in, and so skillfully managed the case by blood-letting and medical applications, that the great man was relieved of his suffering, to his great satisfaction as well as that of his friends. Dr. W. was my neighbor on Elm Street at that time, and having occasion to call upon him the next morning, after the treatment of his illustrious patient, I found the Doctor in excellent spirits, surrounded by his family, having just received a note from Mr. Webster acknowledging his gratitude for his skill and inclosing a bank note for fifty dollars. Many anecdotes are told of the liberality of this distinguished man of a like character to this, but I do not remember of ever seeing this in print, and it may add one more instance of the generosity of his nature.

The medical profession has ever been well represented in the literature of Europe and America. Among those whose names are well known are Sir Thomas Browne, the author of "Religio Medici;" John Armstrong, author of a poem much celebrated

in past days, entitled "The Art of Preserving Health;" Oliver Goldsmith, the amiable author of "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "Vicar of Wakefield," etc., etc.; Mark Akenside, author of "The Pleasures of Imagination;" and of modern times, the celebrated philanthropist, traveler, etc., Sir John Bowring; Sir James Edward Smith, late president of the Linnæan Society, London; David Macbeth Moir, "Delta" of "Blackwood's Magazine," and the author of the heart-touching little poem "Cassey-Wapsey;" Thomas Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends." In our own country, we have Charles Jarvis and James G. Percival, of the past generation, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Jacob Bigelow of the present, and others more or less known, whose names do not come readily to mind. The profession has furnished one Governor at least in this State, the late William Eustis, chosen in 1823 and died in 1825, aged seventy-one years. "*Esto Perpetua.*"

XI

OF FRIENDS

"The Quaker of the olden time!—
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within."

WHITTIER.

THE early settlers of New Bedford came from that part of Dartmouth known as "Russell's Mills" and "Apponegansett," and were mostly Friends, so that the principles of this body of Christians were the prevailing ones for many years, influencing even those who came in from other places, and this continued with gradual modifications up to 1820, or about the time that the great schism took place in this once strongly united body. It is thought by many that this rupture was brought about mainly through the influence of English preachers, who had imperceptibly to themselves, probably, been affected by the established church of their country. The founders of the society said or wrote but little about doctrines, and discarded the word "trinity." They were so much in earnest about matters of greater moment, involving liberty of conscience as well as of person,

and suffered such dreadful persecutions for conscience' sake, that they had but little time and less inclination to split straws on matters of mere doctrine. In fact for the first one hundred and fifty years of the history of this society, the question of doctrine was rarely mooted, and doubtlessly if it had been, many would have proved unsound according to the severe tests of the Orthodox faith. I hardly think that the majority of the good old Dartmouth Quakers gave any thought to these matters; they read their Bibles, and got the spirit of Divine truth into their hearts, and depended more upon lives consistent with their principles of peace and good will to all men than aught else.

Within a few years a change has taken place in the society, which in some particulars evinces an increase of liberality; probably the large influx from other religious denominations in the West, those accustomed to greater emotional expressions, has contributed largely to this change. The style of preaching has also greatly changed from that of fifty years ago. Rarely does a minister close a discourse now without showing his or her soundness in the cardinal doctrines of the church, and this is rather looked for, I judge, on the part of "the rulers in Israel." Formerly little was said about doctrines, but a great deal about principles, and war, slavery, the paying of "tithes of mint, anise, and cummin," were made prominent; now whole discourses of an hour and a half in length are almost entirely occupied in enforcing theological dogmas,

which even the orthodox of other denominations have in a great measure abandoned for more practical objects in everyday life. Rarely do we hear the gentler humanities preached among them now-a-days.

Then again, our good Friends are seldom skillful in these matters, and to those accustomed to hear or read the learned professors of theology, their doctrinal discourses often appear weak and illogical. They have had but one Joseph John Gurney in old England, and but one John Wilbur in New England, who both excelled in matters of doctrine, though widely apart in other particulars. The matter of doctrine was settled in their early history by Robert Barclay, whose "Apology" is a masterpiece of polemical divinity. There can be but little doubt that the early Friends were orthodox, by which is understood a belief in the Divine incarnation and atonement, but it does not follow from this that the former distinctive characteristics of their sect should become of less consequence in the revival of these more important truths. Let the Friends keep to the simplicity of their faith, and by example, as well as by precept, show to others the superiority of their principles. The Society of Friends has been a great blessing to the world, and to many, more than any other sect, appears to represent in its organization the primitive church of Christ.

I have taken the following item from a newspaper, but cannot vouch for its correctness: "It is reported that a rupture is impending in the Quaker church

on the subject of singing, conference, and prayer meetings, and various other methods of church worship peculiar to other denominations. The progressive party are insisting on these changes, while others are tenacious of former usages." There is doubtlessly some foundation for this report, but the introduction of these changes would probably be the beginning of an entire overthrow of their distinctive characteristics as a religious body ; and thus would they lose whatever of influence as a sect they possess. Whether the cause of religion would gain thereby, would remain to be proved, but it would probably not. It is said that some important changes have been made in the revision of their discipline. One important matter, however, has been omitted, and which, in justice to themselves, as well as to the wronged party, should be speedily attended to, viz., the restitution to membership those former members, still living, who were disowned for acts that would not at the present time be deemed an infringement on their discipline.

When I read Whittier's admirable poem "The Eternal Goodness," and am assured that this piece, by many thought to be his best production, and the "Alumni Poem" for 1863, were particularly addressed to Friends, I am disappointed to witness so little heed given to their suggestions. I refrain from quoting from them to strengthen my words ; but sincerely hope that the manifest object of the poet may not be wholly without good effect. George Fox, William Penn, John Woolman, and Anthony Benezet,

were great and shining lights, 't is true, but this light, however brilliant, in its own time, will not answer the demands of the present day. Every age and every generation has its own work to perform, and that work is not usually the most agreeable or easy, but on the other hand is attended with much self-sacrifice. With the best wishes of the writer for the growth and prosperity of this honorable and useful portion of the Christian church, I must pass on to matters of more everyday, if not equally important interest, with the following extract from the maxims of William Penn, the beauty of sentiment as well as the catholicity of which, every Christian heart must acknowledge: "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers."

MISCELLANEOUS

As the present winter has been one of more snow and colder weather than usual with us near the seashore, I shall recall to memory some of the scenes of my boyhood relating to these matters. Frequently in those days, but generally late in the season, we had heavy falls of snow — one in particular, I remember — which occurred in April, 1825, and another in the same month, a few years after. The winter of 1828–9 was cold and snowy. I remember taking a sleigh-ride one afternoon during an eclipse of the sun, with my old schoolfellow, W. R. R.,

and of becoming sleepy from the excessive cold; a dangerous state, and that which usually precedes unconsciousness and death. I became aware of my danger in time and exerted myself to action.

We had some queer old-fashioned "turn-outs" in those days. My grandfather's sleigh was one of the oldest, a great cumbersome affair, with three seats, and painted outside a pale yellow with black stripes in the grooves of the panels, the inside a pale red, and the runners painted black. These colors had originally, I presume, been made brighter. The best sleighbells were those of William Tallman, and I well remember their musical sound as they swung under the belly of the switch-tail'd roan horse going at a round rate up Main Street, with a sleigh-load of boys and girls, and the present assessor of taxes, W. T., Jr., holding the reins as if upon some business of importance. The different sets of bells became so familiar to our ears, that we boys could, long before we saw the team, identify them. The grandest looking "turn-out," a large, comfortable family sleigh, and a noble pair of bays, with the most musical of bells, was James Arnold's. How often have I seen the late good lady, his wife, and daughter seated beneath the hood, and their driver, William Nixon, riding up our street (old Main), the horses proudly stepping along as if conscious of their owner's importance in our little world.

The "handsomest establishment," as we used to term it, was, however, that of Joseph and Thomas Rotch. The sleigh was large and of graceful form,

with a high, rounded back, and dasher to correspond. The runners also were high, standing outward more than common, and of a graceful curve. It was painted a soft blue outside, with narrow black stripes, the inside stuffed and lined with bright red flannel; the horses were fine blooded animals, and the bells sonorous and musical. Other handsome family sleighs with accompaniments were owned by William Rotch, Samuel Rodman, Benj. Rodman, Andrew Robeson, Cornelius Grinnell, Jr., and others. There were also some curious old sleighs that came to the Friends' meeting from the country around. One, belonging to old Robert N. Allen, whose farmhouse stood on the spot now occupied by the north shoe factory, was painted a yellowish brown, and had a spread eagle on the back; another from Dartmouth had a tiger drawing an arrow from his side, and another still, that of Capt. Thomas Nye, Sr., of Fairhaven, had something resembling a star on the back. It was a pleasant sight to see one of these old sleighs with the comfortable looking horse and the good old couple returning from meeting, or jogging far away on some country road, the music of the bells making the softest and sweetest echoes among the rocks and woody hills around. Good old days of peace and moderation, farewell! For some time during the winter the "mail stages" from here to Boston went on runners. The sleighs were curious prison-like looking affairs, with their green flannel curtains buttoned closely down; but drawn at an eight-mile gallop by four fine horses, and each with

a good set of bells, gave a spirit to the scene quite unlike anything we see here now-a-days. The writer, in the month of December, 1831, rode from Boston to New Bedford in one of these old sleighs in about eight hours, the distance, some fifty-six miles. The old stage-coaches of those days were as important as the railway cars now. The huge baggage wagons also presented a picturesque effect, and the drivers of both these modes of conveyance were men of respectability and importance in the community. Thousands of dollars in specie and paper were intrusted to their care, and I never knew of a case of defalcation among them. It was a spirited sight indeed to see the morning coach preparing to start; everything being made ready, the horses fresh and sleek, crack would go the whip, and with a blast upon the horn, up the street would they come, and woe to the passenger not ready at the call. There were two lines of stages, one passing through Taunton, and the other through Bridgewater. There was also during the latter part of the time an "accommodation coach."

I may add in this connection the following doggerel by myself, written in 1862, when for a short time a stage as described was run a portion of the way on the old Boston road from this city, by the enterprising young man whose name is given: —

Thanks to Harry Jackson! who hath once more
On the old Boston road shown us a coach and four.
Reminding us of times long passed away,
When we were wont in that old-fashioned day
To go to Boston in this social way.
How often in our youth, at early morn,
Have we been wakened by the stageman's horn,

As rattling through the streets, the Boston coach
And four swift horses did our home approach.
A journey then like this was no small thing,
And those who went, a store of news must bring.
Due preparation for the jaunt was made,
And at the leaving, kind farewells were said.
What welcome sights and sounds then cheered us on,
As through the pleasant country we were borne!
Acushnet village, Tabertown, Long Plain;
The last within the hour we strove to gain.
At "Vincent's" inn, for rum and gin well known,
We changed our horses, now quite weary grown.
Fair rural scenes along, our eyes engage,
Till we arrive at "Sampson's," the next stage.
Here at this pleasant spot, in days gone by,
New Bedford lads and lassies loved to hie,
To bowl at nine-pins, on the lake to sail,
For fun and frolic never here would fail.
The cheerful "ponds" of Middleboro' passed,
Taunton or Bridgewater, we reached at last, —
And here our dinner, bounteously prepared,
With sharpened appetite was freely shared;
And then again, with social chat and glee,
We take our seats, a happy company.
Crack goes the whip! our horses, fresh and strong,
Who, at an eight mile gait, take us along —
By five, or six at most, in Boston town,
From our long ride, at last, we are set down.
Oh! happy days! to memory ever dear,
When we were young, and felt no boding fear!
But now, alas! what terrors dire assail,
As we go thundering o'er the iron rail,
Our eyes annoyed by cinders, fiery hot,
And smoke and gas unto our lungs are brought!
So as we close, our thanks are due once more,
To Harry Jackson, with his coach and four!

I may add, for the benefit of my younger readers, that skating was one of our greatest pastimes during the winter. There was a pleasant little pond, with a number of tributaries through an extensive "bush

pasture," called "Aunt Annie's," a short distance northwest of the Friends' Academy, which was a great favorite of the smaller boys, and our parents gave us free permission to skate there as the water was shoal. It was one source of amusement to lie upon the ice and watch the little newts moving upon the bottom. As we grew older we found our way to the "mill ponds," and to "Peleg Almy's marsh," near Clark's cove, where on moonlight nights troops of us boys hastily wended back and forth across the meadows. I suppose that evenings, and particularly moonlight ones, are as attractive to the boys of the present day for such pastimes as they were forty odd years ago.

Other modes of travel we had by the old packets to New York, Philadelphia, Nantucket, and other places. Having relatives in Nantucket, these packets were to me objects of great interest. There were two, the Maria, Capt. Swain, and the Delight, Capt. Burdett. Both had blue signals — the Maria's had a white ball on it, and the Delight a white triangle. The old Maria (for there was a new one afterwards) was a plain, old-fashioned sloop, with no ornaments, and would in this respect have suited good old John Woolman, who objected to go in the cabin to Europe on account of some carving upon that part of the ship outside. The Delight, however, had more pretensions, and was really a fine, clean-looking vessel, having a long prow-like head, and a graceful curve in her outline.

My first nautical experiences were in these old

packets. In 1820 I made a trip to Nantucket in the old Maria, with my mother, on a visit to her brother, the late Daniel Thornton, previously, and subsequently, a citizen of New Bedford. Nantucket was then in the height of her prosperity, and truly a pleasant place it was to visit. The people were remarkable for their hospitality, and being principally Friends, the gentle influence of their manners was very apparent, as well as agreeable to strangers, although some were inclined to laugh at their provincialisms, which were, after all, mostly genuine old English words. During this visit of the writer, an elephant, the first ever seen upon the island, was there. I remember going out with a party to Siasconset, to see this animal sport in the surf, which proved an interesting sight to crowds of the inhabitants, as well as ourselves. On our return from Nantucket in the Delight, we had this elephant and his master as fellow-passengers. He was very docile, and behaved himself with propriety and accustomed dignity.

XII

OLD-FASHIONED SHOWS, ETC.

Made up of various odds and ends,
The chronicler still onward wends ;
Now halting here, now hastening there,
He serves you with his homely fare,
Hoping your palates thence to please,
Though he afford but bread and cheese.
For rustic cates most wholesome prove,
While costly to more costly move.

RICKETSON.

HAVING in my last chapter spoken of the elephant, which was my fellow-passenger from Nantucket, my attention has been led into a department which may interest my younger readers more particularly ; that of Public Exhibitions, which to the more serious reader may appear trifling, but to others as important as many things in the human scale, deemed of greater moment.

In my boyhood we had never in our quiet old Quaker town heard of " Menageries ; " but had exhibitions of wild animals, which we called " Caravans," and sometimes " Cattle-Shows," and when anything extra came along, it was a " Grand Caravan." These were usually exhibited in connection with some one of our livery stables, of which there were a number, as only a few of our citizens in those days of more simplicity, kept their own horses and carriages. At

the time of which I am writing I may, in passing, give a list of the owners of these public institutions.

Among the oldest that I remember was that of Ichabod Clapp, a worthy old citizen long since departed, as we hope, to a better country. Nathaniel Nelson, his brother-in-law, the old landlord of the "Eagle Tavern," kept opposite; and down Union, or old Main Street, in the rear of the "Sampson House," Ivory H. Bartlett; previously, Samuel Hussey. On Water Street, Thomas Cole, who also kept a "stage-tavern," with an old-fashioned barroom, a famous resort in former years for "cosmopolitan" travelers, and lovers of "blue-ruin!" Another tavern, nearly opposite the last, was kept by Barney Corey, whose portly dimensions and cordial manners well qualified him for a landlord. On School Street was the stable of our old fellow-citizen, Pardon Gray, who still rejoices in the flesh, at South Dartmouth. These were the principal ones, and usually afforded excellent horses and carriages for their customers.

As I had not reached the questionable dignity of owning a horse at this period, like other young men fond of riding about the country, I appropriated, I fear, too much of my pocket money at these attractive places. I well remember the favorite old horses of several of these stables, and their names. At "Clapp's," were his pair of handsome grays, "General" and "Colonel;" also an honest, white-faced bay, "Dutchman;" "George," white, a great favorite; "Hunter," a noble, long-tailed sorrel, with white face, and one or more white feet, as usual with sor-

rels, I believe, with whom I took a journey to Plymouth and Boston in the autumn of 1833; "Peacock," a fine, showy saddle-horse, and "Old Nantucket," another, of buckskin color, who would run away when he could get a chance. I could mention favorites at the other stables, but these were my own particular friends, who I trust, through the great laws of a merciful compensation, are now provided for, and are enjoying the green pastures of a sublimated existence in the Elysian fields, or elsewhere. I must not, however, omit "Billy Button," a favorite little saddle-horse of Pardon Gray's. Farewell, dear old fellows — or rather, hail to ye! accept, though late, my warm and grateful thanks for all your services to me. Gladly should I meet your honest faces once more and hear your friendly neighs of recognition in the better land. To any caviler or doubter of these sentiments, I would say, in the words of the poet Dana,

> "Who scoffs these sympathies
> Makes mock of the divinity within,
> Nor feels he gently breathing through his soul,
> The universal spirit."

But I must return to the "Caravans." The elephant of which I spoke in my last chapter as being a fellow-passenger of mine on my first trip from Nantucket, was, I think, previously exhibited here, for I remember being treated with other boys to a ride upon his trunk about the exhibition arena. On one occasion I was mounted upon an ostrich, and took a ride of a novel kind, if I mistake not, up

Main Street. At the larger shows there were generally a ring and a pony with a monkey dressed as a "dandy Jack" to ride him. I was quite a favorite with all traveling exhibitors of these shows, for which I had a strong natural taste, and thus I usually saw all that was to be seen, and enjoyed it with boyish zest. Pleasant are the remembrances of these things at this remote period of time. A natural love for horses, dogs, and all sorts of domestic animals early brought me into an intimate acquaintance with them and their owners or attendants. Perhaps some old crony of sixty is following me with renewed enjoyment in these early experiences. Let us shake hands over it, and exchange a friendly greeting as fellow-pilgrims on the journey of life, hopeful to the end, and by the blessing of God may we be safely moored at last. Of modern shows and entertainments, I know but little. The love of nature early called me away from my more youthful wanderings, and memory only serves me of the scenes stored away in my picture gallery of the past. Peaceful old Bedford, Quaker old Bedford, I still see thy ghost, and but little else, as I revisit the scenes of my early days.

"Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Among the "stable-keepers" I should have mentioned William White, a descendant of Peregrine White, the first male child born in the Old Colony of Plymouth. He had a small coach painted yellow (of course), and a pair of bob-tailed bay horses, a team that would be thought very humble in these days, but in which, with other members of my father's family, I made a journey from New Bedford to Smithfield, R. I., in the year 1820. We left home in the month of May, and I well remember how my youthful senses were regaled by the apple-blossoms, the orchards all along the way being in the height of their bloom. Cheering, too, were the songs of the robin and the thrush as we passed over the country roads. One night we were in Providence, and I also remember the awe with which I listened to the striking of the city clock, never before having heard one. We went by the way of Fall River, and crossed the Taunton River at "Slade's Ferry," in one of the old-fashioned "horse-boats" with paddle-wheels. These matters are, of course, only mentioned incidentally, to show our younger people some of the customs of olden time.

Back again to New Bedford of the olden time. Let us look about a little; a great change has come over our peaceful village. Ha! it is "training day!" Up the street, to the music of fifes and drums, come our military companies, first the "Old Artillery," with *chapeau bras* and black plume tipped with red,

and broad-skirted coats faced with red, and red stripes down the sides of the pants, which had just superseded the older fashioned gaiters to the knee. The captain, John Harrison, a fine, bluff, hearty-looking man, who, with drawn sword, and filled with the importance of his duty, is now marching a few steps in advance, and then, to give an order, — "file to the right," or some such command, — faces the company and walks backwards; but quickly regains his normal pedestrianism. Close behind comes the "Light Infantry," Captain William Swift, having also fife and drums; the dress of the company, blue coats and white pants, with silver lace, the caps high and of glazed leather, with visor and white plume tipped with red. Following these come the militia, composed of citizen soldiers in all sorts of costume, except that of the Society of Friends, the officers only in military dress; they also have their music, and a great noise do they all together make, followed by nearly all the boys in the town. If it be "muster day," they are bound to some open fields outside of the town. One muster, I remember, was held at "Smith's Mills," another on the east side of Coggeshall's farm. Major John Coggeshall, an officer of the Revolution, was the first captain of the Artillery company. "Fourth of July" was, as now, a dreaded day to the sick and afflicted. What with the firing of cannon and discharge of musketry, the ringing of bells, the "infernal" sounds of Chinese crackers, squibs, and shouts of boys, our usual quiet little town

was turned into a young Bedlam. Untutored human nature seeks some outbreak, and more excusable then than now, when there are so many more amusements for young folk. But time has thrown its misty veil over whatever was then objectionable, and, seen through the vista of the past, only the pleasant parts of the picture present themselves.

Many of these soldiers had served in the late war with Great Britain, and there were also a goodly number of the old pensioners of the Revolution, and some of the older and more venerable of these were taken about in open carriages on military gala days. Among these was Captain William Gordon, a native of Boston, who held the command of our fort during the old war. He married a sister of Judge Pope, and was a man of ability and good education, including the higher branches of mathematics. He laid out the contemplated village at Belleville, the plan of which evinces a good knowledge of surveying as well as correct judgment. Had it not been for the New Bedford and Fairhaven Bridge, the village of "Glasgow," as it was proposed to call it, might have proved a rival of old "Bedford," as our place was originally called, until it was ascertained that an older town of the same name in Middlesex County of this state, existed. Captain G. died in this place June 26, 1835, aged eighty years, and is buried in the old burial place at Acushnet, formerly attached to the church of the celebrated Dr. West. The following stanza from Gray's "Elegy," selected by himself, I believe, is upon his tombstone: —

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode :
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

This of course forbids further comment, but I would simply add, that when collecting my early reminiscences of New Bedford in 1831, he cordially entered into my object, and gave me such information as he possessed relative to the invasion of our place by the British in 1778. Other old Revolutionary soldiers whom I remember were Joseph Ayres, Deliverance Bennett, and Major Coggeshall, before mentioned.

XIII

OF SHIPS AND SHIPBUILDING

Once on Acushnet's pleasant stream,
Soon as the sun sent forth his beam,
The light canoe shot from its bay,
And sped upon its arrowy way.
In after years our fathers came,
In quest of peace, and not of fame ;
A body of plain-hearted men,
The followers of Fox and Penn.
The forest bowed beneath their stroke,
And echoes far and wide awoke.
Their humble houses soon appeared,
And fields of grain their labor cheered.
But in the course of rolling years
An enterprise quite new appears.
The monsters of the neighboring deep
Offer new store for them to reap ;
First, crafts of fifty tons or more,
Are built upon the sandy shore,
And thus our noble fleet begun,
That hath such golden treasures won;
Destined to visit every sea and sound,
Where the rich object of their search is found.

RICKETSON.

WHOEVER has read Longfellow's fine poem, "The Building of the Ship," must remember how inspiring it is from the inception of the work to its accomplishment.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

These few lines from the beginning of the poem plainly evince the exultation of mind of the merchant who already in the eye of fancy beholds his noble craft complete. They will well serve as an introduction to my succinct account of a business once so important in our place, that of shipbuilding. Forty years ago, as well as for many previous years, no industrial occupation in our city was attended with more enthusiasm than that which we are now reviewing. Our "shipyards" were then scenes of great industry, and of course objects of interest to strangers as well as our own people. From the neighboring woods the largest and best trees were selected for timber, and teams of oxen and horses were often seen on all the roads leading into our place from the country, with the prostrate monarchs of the forests, bound to the aforesaid shipyards. Many will remember when those beautiful ships, the Thomas Dickason, George Washington, the William Hamilton, the Horatio, and others, were launched from the yard of those celebrated shipbuilders, Jethro and Zachariah Hillman, vessels of elegant models, and of the most thorough workmanship, and admirable for their sea-going qualities of swiftness and capacity. The main timbers or frame of these ships were, I believe, of "live oak." That of the Horatio was cut and framed in Georgia by Captain Silas Stetson, of Acushnet Village.

New Bedford was then in the height of her prosperity; her ships whitened every sea, and her merchants were well known in every foreign port, and

to be one of her citizens was at least a recommendation, if not a guarantee for credit with strangers. But in giving an account of the rise and progress of this important branch of mechanical science, I must go back some years to the early history of our place.

As early as 1755, Joseph Russell, the founder of the whale fishery in our place, had engaged in the business. Within ten years from this date the sloops Nancy, Polly, Greyhound, and Hannah, all from forty to sixty tons, owned by Joseph Russell, Caleb Russell, and William Tallman, were employed in the whale fishery. Other vessels were added by the former of these, viz.: the brig Joseph and Judith, named for himself and wife, the brig Patience, named for one of his daughters, the brig No Duty on Tea, a significant name for those days, and the brig Russell. These vessels were all employed in the whale fishery, which had now reached to the West Indies, the Bay of Mexico, the Western Islands, and even to the coasts of Brazil and Guinea.

In the year 1767 the first ship was launched. She was built under some buttonwood trees near the present location of Hazard's wharf. Her name was the Dartmouth, and she was owned by Francis Rotch, Sr., a brother of the venerable William Rotch, Sr. The first voyage she made was to London, with a cargo of whale oil, and while going out of the bay she struck upon a ledge of rocks, but was not materially injured. This was one of the vessels that

carried the tea into Boston harbor which was thrown overboard.

The next vessel of importance built here was the Rebecca, also owned by Joseph Russell, and so named for his daughter, Rebecca Ricketson, the wife of Daniel Ricketson, Sr. She was modeled and built by that celebrated old shipbuilder Colonel George Claghorn, who as the builder of the United States frigate Constitution will long be remembered. Although the Rebecca was only 175 tons, she was a wonder for size in those days. Her first voyage was to Liverpool, Abishai Haydon, master, and Cornelius Grinnell, Sr., first mate. The Rebecca is said to have been the first American whaler that doubled Cape Horn and obtained a cargo of oil in the Pacific Ocean. She was owned by Joseph Russell & Sons and Cornelius Howland, and sailed from New Bedford Sept. 28th, 1791, and returned Feb. 23d, 1793, with a full cargo of oil. Joseph Kersey was the master on this voyage, and the late Captain Joseph Whelden of Acushnet was a boat-steerer. The Rebecca was lost on her homeward passage from Liverpool in the winter of 1803–4.

But we must return to more modern times, as my object is more particularly to describe things within my own remembrance, which does not extend much prior to 1820. Another well-known shipbuilder was Abraham Gifford, who died at an advanced age a few years since. He built the Napoleon, one of the finest packet ships between New York and Liverpool in the palmy days of Grinnell & Minturn's line. I

remember seeing this fine ship lying in dock in New York in the spring of 1833, and her handsome young Captain Smith, who was afterwards lost at sea.

On the opposite side of the river at Oxford Point, was the shipyard of Peleg Huttlestone, and below the bridge that of Abner Pease. The old whaling ship Pindus was built by the latter. Between the bridge and the Head-of-the-River were no less than four shipyards, that of Charles Stetson the most important. He built fifty-three vessels, large and small, many of them ships, and among them, the Hunter and Walker, for Seth Russell & Sons, the Augustus, 400 tons, Ladoga, Brig Hepsabeth, etc. During the great gale September, 1815, the Augustus, loaded with tobacco, bilged on Fish Island and lost about half her cargo. The Ladoga, lying at McPherson's wharf, Belleville, broke away and was cast upon the field near the front of the late residence of Isaac Case. One or both of these ships belonged to Humphrey Hathaway, a member of the Society of Friends at Acushnet, and the father of one of our wealthiest merchants, still actively engaged in business in one of the old-fashioned counting-rooms I described in a former chapter, built before the days of steam and hurry, of enduring stone, and will probably be standing should no accident befall it, when many buildings of far greater pretensions and expense have passed away. When the Walker was launched, one of the "ways" took fire from friction, and an old blacksmith by the name of Dillingham, lighted his pipe from it. The same old man when dying called a friend to his

bedside, and as his last words, said, "A red-hot iron is a very good thing to light a pipe with."

Other shipyards on this side of the river were those of John Hawes, next south of Stetson's, on land of Dr. Samuel Perry, afterwards owned by Isaac Vincent. Here the ship Othello was built. Below and near the residence of the late Isaac Case, was the shipyard of Abisha Sherman, and another of Joseph Stetson south of McPherson's wharf.

At all of these yards ships of the largest size for those days were built, varying from 250 to 300 and 400 tons. So it will be at once seen how important a branch of business this was, and to how many honest mechanics it gave steady employment. But these are things of the past; the ring of the broadaxe, and the clink of the calker's hammer have to a great extent been silenced. Yearly our ships lessen in number, and for many years no ship has been built on our side of the river. The last ship built above the bridge, was the Madurese, by Stephen Andrews, near "Dog-Fish bar." A few years since a fine ship was built at Fairhaven by that ingenious and enterprising mechanic, John Mashow, of South Dartmouth, which bids fair to be the last of a long line of these noble specimens of our handicraft and former prosperity in the palmy days of the whale fishery.

THE OLD SHIP BARCLAY

When the Barclay, one of our oldest ships,[1] was launched, I am informed that it was a great occasion,

[1] I am informed that the ship Beaver of Nantucket was earlier.

and two fiddlers performed for the amusement of the crowd. She was built somewhere about the year 1790, by Zachariah Hillman, Sr., whose son, Jethro Hillman, a child some two or three years old at the time, was carried to the scene in the arms of a colored woman. This was the ship in which the original owner, William Rotch, Sr., with his family, returned from Europe in 1794. The Barclay was "frigate built." As she was probably named for the eminent Quaker, this may appear a little odd, but she was doubtlessly harmless. This once fine old ship was, I understand, some years ago "broken up" in our port.

XIV

REFLECTIONS ON THE DECAY OF OUR COMMERCE

"Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
On, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight."

The Ages. — BRYANT.

IT is to be hoped that the prophetic spirit of the above stanza from the "Phi Beta Kappa" poem delivered at Cambridge in 1820, is not destined to prove a failure. Its patriotic author, catching from nature and the inspiration of his own poetic soul, the true spirit of liberty on which our government was intended to be founded, has proved, amid the various shocks of time, one of the firmest and most consistent of Republicans, and to this day "The Evening Post," of which he is still the senior editor and proprietor, is unsurpassed by any journal in our country for its manly defense of those rights for the establishment of which the founders of our republic suffered so much.

A genuine philanthropist, as well as poet, is William Cullen Bryant. Highly to the honor and humanity of poets, they have ever been true to the God-given

rights of man. Homer and Virgil sang of rural peace and freedom, in contrast to the cruel features of war which they could also so masterly describe, and Milton, Waller, and Marvell, during the stormiest period of English history, kept true to the spirit of liberty and justice; while in our own country, besides the honored bard of Cummington, the clarion voice of Whittier has been heard all over the land in behalf of down-trodden humanity; and our other noble sons of song have one and all proved true to the divinity within them. It is the supreme office of the "divine arts" to portray the rights of humanity, by the exposure of wrong and the hatred of tyranny, and to foreshadow the future Arcadia of the human race. Let us thank God for that nobility of soul which He has vouchsafed to those who, true to his teaching, have in all ages of the world kept fresh and beautiful, the highest aspirations of the soul, and a just appreciation of whatever is beautiful and good in this life. Truly are these his ministers, and as such most worthy to be regarded as teachers of the truth. Such have been my reflections in contemplating the vicissitudes of human life, and the suffering brought about by the infringement upon those great laws which govern the affairs of man and the universe, as may be witnessed in every large community of human beings; and is felt in our own through the same causes, whether from ignorance or selfishness, in the violation of a generous spirit. The prostration of our commerce in nearly every seaport in our country has aroused many of our deepest thinkers to a sense of our danger,

and as a sequence to my remarks in my last chapter upon that once flourishing department of human industry, the ancient craft of "shipbuilding," I would add a few thoughts and suggestions on

FREE TRADE

A high tariff, intended to be for protection to home manufactures, but now in many departments amounting to a prohibition on foreign importation, has sadly crippled the commerce of our country, and many seaports once flourishing are now reduced in their wealth and prosperity, and appear destined to become like Newport of fifty years ago, with the grass growing in the streets. Agriculture, commerce, the mechanic arts, and manufactures, are the great industrial employments. But no one of these should be allowed to obstruct the rest, much less to become a great monopolizer. While every true citizen of New Bedford will rejoice in her prosperity, and so far as manufactures can permanently benefit her, will welcome and aid them, is it not well to look a little into the principles of political economy, and see whether the interference of government or special legislation for the protection of favored parties will not ultimately result in a downfall? A liberal policy is the only one that can insure a permanent success; giving a fair and equal chance to all, so that industry, skill, and merit shall find encouragement, and not, as at present, have to contend against such severe odds. It is thought by some of our wisest merchants, as well as writers upon the present state of business in our large

towns and cities, where many departments of business are destroyed or very much reduced, that free trade can alone remedy the evil, by which commerce would once more revive and the various mechanic arts in connection with it, while whatever manufactures the country needed would be supported; but that the mass of the people should have the opportunity of buying and selling, of importing and exporting without the ban of government to stop or obstruct them. Nothing is more burdensome to a nation than too much legislation; the simpler and fewer the laws the better. Let us then, while we would encourage every legitimate enterprise in our community, look forward to the time when with the revival of commerce the seaports of New England as well as other parts of our country shall awaken from their long sleep to their former state of activity and prosperity. It is confidently hoped, with the change that has lately taken place in our railroad, that a new line of business between our city and New York, as well as other places, will be opened. Great advantages as a seaport doubtlessly we have, and facilities for carrying on a large commercial business. It only needs then a fair prospect of success for our men of business, both old and young, to engage in it with their wonted energy. It will be far better to have a variety of employments for our people than the concentration of our resources into one particular channel. It used to be said in a homely way, "Put not all your eggs into one basket," and this precautionary rule will as well apply to the affairs of our place as to any other.

Fall River is often held up as an example of great prosperity, her whole business being that of manufacturing, while her commerce, for which she has excellent natural advantages, is comparatively next to nothing. Now I do not desire to see New Bedford following her example too closely. Where any business is carried beyond its natural limits, a crisis must sooner or later come, and though we wish well to our old neighbor we shall not be surprised if her present inflated state of manufacturing will at no very distant day meet with a sad reverse. Her success has been too sudden to insure durability; everything of mature growth requires time ; and blame me not then, ye anxious, enthusiastic young men of our city, if in my observations of the past, and my search for knowledge from the best sources of wisdom and experience, I cannot approve of any measures that will strengthen and still further consolidate those associations which so clearly go to increase the wealth of the few to the loss of the many. A general prosperity among all classes is what we need, and this can only be insured by the restoration of those rights and privileges of which we have through the mistaken policy of "protection" been deprived. Protection may do, but when it amounts to prohibition, it then becomes a tyrannic power, and most assuredly conflicts with a republican form of government. We hope that the rising generation will once more see our ancient craft of shipbuilding and its attendant arts and employments resume their former importance in our community.

I will conclude these remarks with the following

extract from the "Civil and Moral Essays" of Lord Bacon, written nearly three hundred years ago, showing this is no new doctrine that we preach: —

"Above all things good policy is to be used that the treasure and moneys in a state be not gathered into a few hands; for otherwise a state may have a great stock, and yet starve; and money is like muck, no good except it be spread. This is done chiefly by suppressing, or at least keeping a straight hand upon the devouring trades of usury, engrossing, great pasturages, and the like."

THE SAILING OF A SHIP

It was an interesting sight to witness the departure of one of our fine old "whalers." After lying a few days in "the stream," the time for leaving arrives — let us fancy it a pleasant spring or summer morning, the sun just rising and the breeze to waft her onward already beginning to ripple the waters. All hands are on board, the pilot at the helm, and the order given to weigh anchor. We hear the "Heave O heave" of the sailors.

"They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
At every turn the clanging pawls resound:
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave."

So sings Falconer. The canvas is unfurled, and the great sails "belly" with the freshening breeze; like the unloosed steed, the noble vessel appears to rejoice in her liberty, and moves majestically onward across our beautiful bay to the Elizabeth Islands, where a tack or two takes her from our home waters; the pilot and accompanying friends leave with farewells, and cheering words for a prosperous voy-

age and safe return. The breeze of the morning has increased to a strong wind, the long swell of old ocean is already felt, the good ship "makes her manners" to the old sea-king whose subject she has now become; and careening gracefully under her straining canvas, bounds o'er the deep, away. Long before night she is lost in the distant horizon. During this time the loving and tearful eyes of wives and mothers have been watching with telescopes from their housetops, to catch the last glimpse of the bark that bears afar the beloved ones, looking forward now only to the earliest news from the "Western Islands," and the far-off day of a happy return.

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.
Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!"

Surely "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." It is indeed a solemn thing to sail forth upon the broad ocean — to cut adrift from the fast anchored earth. If as the poet has so truly said,

"An undevout astronomer is mad,"

how becoming, how necessary is that true devotion and trust in an overruling arm, to him whose life is chiefly on the ocean wave.

XV

OLD MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

"Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye
Marked each pure thought ere registered on high:
Still, still, ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of inspiration round."

Pleasures of Memory. — ROGERS.

WHILE we may not believe that all good is treasured with the past, and that virtue and wisdom have departed from the earth, still it may be profitable for us to remember its better features, and so far as possible reproduce them. As we advance toward the vale of years we find too, unmistakably, not only by our own feelings, but by the unintentional betrayal of the fact from others younger than ourselves, how old we have become. It is well, 't is true, to keep fresh as long as we can, while at the same time, to see to it, that we grow old gracefully. It is far better to attain the amenities of age, than to affect the manners of youth. As the poet Wordsworth says: —

"become more sage,
Milder and mellower with declining age."

The old should be an example to the young in virtue, humanity, and nobility of soul — generous and forgiving towards the faults of youth, remem-

bering the transgressions of our own early years. Such are the reflections as I revert to the days of my childhood through the long vista of fifty years. Great indeed the change in the affairs of everyday life of the present time, when compared with those of the days of the founders of our city.

Fifty years ago New Bedford was a busy place, 't is true, but the old manners and customs of our fatherland still to a considerable extent remained. Articles of home manufacture, excepting of the homelier kind, were rarely seen; most of our wearing apparel, our utensils of labor, and those of domestic use, were of foreign manufacture. Our ships were built on the old and substantial plan, more attention given to strength than to speed, although the latter too was often attained. One of the shortest passages, if not the shortest, from this country to Europe by a sailing vessel was made by an "old tub" from Salem to a port up the Baltic, some seventy odd years ago. Some of the old packet ships were remarkable for their short passages. Sixteen days from New York to Liverpool was not an infrequent circumstance. Much of the poetry of the sea is doubtlessly lost by the introduction of steam. It will be a long time before another poem of equal merit to that of Falconer's "Shipwreck," wherein the tactics of shipboard are so graphically portrayed, will be produced.

But as my purpose is more particularly to describe the manners and customs of our own little world here in the days of the past, I must leave these matters of more general interest.

The old-fashioned vehicles with wooden axles and leather springs, or "thorough-braces," seen in our streets fifty years ago, would appear very odd and clumsy now. The coaches of our wealthy friends were comfortable, though heavy, but the horses were strong, well fed, and driven slowly, five or six miles an hour being thought enough by humane people. The chaises of our older citizens had the stationary "square-top," and a large round window in the back which could be raised or lowered like that of a coach — the harness much heavier than now, particularly the saddle, and breast-plates instead of collars were generally used. The blinders usually had two rings, either of brass or silver-plate. The chaise of Captain James Howland, Sr., with silver-plated top springs, was the most elegant of the older style, and would even at this time be thought a handsome affair. The residence of this worthy old citizen on Main Street, with a sketch of himself and wife, I have given in a former chapter. I do not remember during my boyhood of ever seeing a lumber-wagon in our place, but almost every owner of a horse also owned a cart, a heavy cumbersome affair, which with the great wooden saddle, hames, collar, back-chain, and other parts of the harness, was load enough for an ordinary horse. It was, however, a pleasant circumstance in my boyhood to accompany my grandfather, or hired man, to the beach for a load of seaweed or sand, and inhale the fresh and exhilarating sea-breeze from off Buzzard's Bay.

The dress of our old people of that day, particu-

larly of the Friends, was of the primitive style. The men wore knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, the long coats and ample waistcoats of the days of William Penn, and the broad-brimmed "beaver" turned up at the back and sides, but not looped as originally was the fashion. The women wore their long drab cloaks, with hoods in winter, and short ones of silk, or a shawl, in summer, the color drab or some soft shade; the bonnets of the older ones, black, and the younger, of a light color. Formerly they wore beaver hats in winter, a simple cottage bonnet with a ribbon over the crown and brim. "Aunt Mary Mitchell," as she was called, a worthy and intelligent old elder and preacher of the society in Nantucket, was the last, I learn, to wear one of this style. This good old mother in Israel wrote a short address entitled "Some thoughts on the qualification and work of an Elder in the church of Christ," printed by A. Shearman, Jr., New Bedford, 8th month, 1807, from which I make the following extracts: "When I consider the weight and importance of the work confided to Elders, this query arises in my mind, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' And if there is not wisdom and skill to use the snuffers with judgment and discretion, they may extinguish the light when they ought only to remove that which obstructs its brightness that it may shine with greater clearness." "There is danger of erring in conduct, and instead of being examples to the flock, they be tempted to lord it over the heritage."

The domestic arrangements were far different from those of the present time. The usual fire was that of wood upon the open hearth, and only the houses of the wealthier had carpets; but curtains to the bed, now so generally discarded, were in general use, and truly ornamental, if not healthful were they, giving an air of comfort and coziness to the lodging-room. In some of the old kitchens, and that of my grandfather, the "roasting jack" was in use. These were of different kinds — by some the meat was suspended before the fire — but ours was a very elaborate affair. At one corner above the mantelpiece was a sort of small windlass wheel in an iron frame, around which was a strap and chain that connected with the spit, which rested at either end upon hooks attached to the andirons, as this was before the days of "tin-kitchens," and a dripping-pan was placed under the joint of meat or the fowl cooking. From the wheel above the mantelpiece another chain or cord led into the garret, where there was a large wooden wheel with a crank to wind up the jack. This would keep it turning for about an hour, so that the cook only had occasionally to baste the meat from her "dredging-box." In this way the joint or fowl could be "done to a turn," as we often hear in these days, but little dream perhaps from whence the phrase came. Certain dishes we ate from pewter platters — such as pork and beans, boiled beef, etc. Every Saturday (seventh-day as we called it) the great oven was heated and a general baking of pies, sweet apples — Indian meal puddings, loaves of brown

bread, and deep dishes of pork and beans rounded off the work of the kitchen for the week, and prepared for a particularly good dinner on "First-day" for the family and visitors. Green tea and "Bohea" (the latter I remember as a disagreeably bitter article) were in use; but at dinner a pitcher of cider or currant wine freshly drawn from the barrel in the cellar was rarely omitted. We had one dish, called "George Pinkam," which I have never seen since, and have found no one among my older acquaintances to endorse my memory of it. It came on the table in a broad, deep dish, and appeared to be hot, spiced cider, with slices of toasted brown bread floating upon it. As my youthful appetite revolted at it, I cannot speak of its quality, but should hardly suppose it very delectable. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," and so we leave it.

Kitchen floors were then sanded and marked off in herring-bone fashion with the broom of the housemaid. On one side of the fireplace, usually next to the door, was a high-backed seat, called the "settle," where several could sit at a time and tell stories, or retail gossip, and where the maid and her lover could do their courting, for this sweet work no age or generation has yet omitted. Occasionally an old-fashioned orthodox deacon, or some such body, wore a "queue," and I remember of seeing at the "north-end," a serious looking boy of some fourteen or fifteen years, with one of these appendages, a sight I had almost thought improbable; but it was remarkably verified during the past year by the visit of a gentle-

man from our metropolis who introduced himself to a friend of the writer, as "the boy who wore the queue," and by which means he was readily remembered. This was an original as well as effectual way of "giving the cue" to a subject. Sometimes these queues were worn quite long; but I do not remember to have seen one as long as that of Count de Grasse, spoken of by the poet Cowper in his "Colubriad," of a foot or more at least. This fashion of wearing a "pig-tail," as it was sometimes called, was adopted by sailors, and in the marine views of Turner and others, where sailors on shore are introduced, they are usually represented with this *ornament*. After all, this fashion, which was also attended with greasing and powdering the hair, was better than that of an earlier day, when the head was shaven and huge wigs worn, as in the time of Addison and Steele, when good old Sir Roger de Coverley figured as a beau of the old school in a wig of enormous size.

There was an ancient mode of traveling, that of a man and woman riding together on horseback, which had about gone out of fashion before my time, but I once saw, nearly forty years ago, a couple riding in this style on County Street near Kempton's Corner, which they turned, and rode on towards Smith Mills. I could hardly "believe my own eyes," but such was the fact. A few years after, I had a "pillion" presented to me with other curiosities in an old chest from my friend S. G. M., who bought it at an auction of the effects of an old family, and which I arranged in due order behind my saddle and

took a ride in the old style with a young lady relative of mine, much to our own amusement, as well as that of others who witnessed it. In the days of my grandfather, wheel carriages were not common, and this was the ordinary way for husband and wife and others to make their journeys and attend meetings. Occasionally a child was carried before the man. Usually the pillion had a broad stirrup for the woman's feet.

Nearly every farmhouse had a horse-block, and there was usually one in the meeting-house yard for mounting and dismounting. These were generally made of stone, so arranged as to be easily mounted. These relics of the past have nearly all disappeared, and if any of my readers know of one I hope that they will advise its preservation, as a memento of the olden time. The eccentric Dr. West once left his wife on the horse-block in his forgetfulness and drove away without her.

"Ride and tie" was an old custom which I never witnessed. It took place when there was but one horse for two, "one of whom rode the animal a certain distance, and then tied him for the use of the other, who came up on foot."

The salutation of lifting the hat was not common in these times. The first time I remember to have seen it done was by one of our aristocratic citizens, who had just returned from England, and wore one of the bell-topped beavers of the latest London style. It was about the year 1826. I was then a schoolboy, and at the time was on my way to

the Friends' Academy, when I met him on the upper part of William Street. And to whom do you suppose, gentle reader, that he raised his hat? Why, to myself. I could not then understand it, and he certainly missed his aim. But it now comes to me that it may have been a lesson in politeness he kindly vouchsafed me. Politeness is a cheap medium of friendly exchange, and is well worthy of cultivation. It does not come naturally to most of the Anglo-Saxon race, but is always pleasing and cannot be dispensed with in the Christian gentleman or lady.

Among other old customs, carding and spinning wool and flax, and weaving by hand-loom, were common in my boyhood. Almost every house had its loom and spinning-wheel. An old-fashioned Quakeress used to come from "Ponaganset" every winter to spin woolen yarn for my grandmother, and I well remember the booming sound of the large wheel as she walked back and forth from the spindle at her work. I ascertained, quite to the surprise of this good old woman, that "Aunt Lizzie," as we called her, chewed tobacco. She was a venerable maiden of some seventy years, and a good, kind-hearted creature. It was a great pleasure to go to her room and watch her at her spinning. "Aunt Lizzie" probably had her lovers and suitors in her youthful days — for what maiden has not? — but the kindness of her heart, which would have most affectionately brooded a family of children (had the "fates" so determined), went forth to general

humanity, shedding happiness in her own humble way wherever she went, and of course, she was ever a welcome visitor. Blest be thy memory, dear old "Aunt Lizzie" of fifty years ago.

Much of the linen as well as woolen cloth in common use, was woven by hand in the old looms. Fields of flax were quite common, and almost every farm had also a small spot devoted to the growth of tobacco for domestic use.

Traveling tailors and shoemakers used to go from house to house, and do the work in their line for families. A large portion of our most distinguished men grew up under such circumstances; and many a man like Daniel Webster and "Honest John Davis," who arrived at the highest honors, had, during their youth, worn only homespun and home-made clothes: for it is not from the lap of luxury, but from the humble walks of life, that Nature generally chooses her sons and daughters of genius. While we may look forward hopefully to the ultimate good, it may be questioned whether the introduction of modern inventions has added to the amount of human happiness. Certainly, what has been lost in simplicity cannot be readily supplied, and the laws that govern mind and matter are really so simple that whatever renders more complicated the system of everyday life, must obstruct the development of some of the most beautiful as well as important qualities of childhood.

Long ago Lord Lyttleton sang

> "The gods, O Walpole, grant no bliss sincere!
> Wealth is disturbed by care, and power by fear."

And so it remains until this day. Seek, then, O young people, simple pleasures; and, as a rule, those which cost the least will prove the most fruitful of happiness. Turn your minds to Nature — a teacher ever ready to instruct you in the ways of wisdom. From her *arcana* you will find resources of knowledge and amusement for the longest life. A naturalist can rarely be wanting in cheerfulness. Truly was it said by the late Sir James Edward Smith, M. D., president of the Linnean Society, London, "How delightful and consolatory it is, among the disappointments and anxieties of life, to observe science, like virtue, retaining its relish to the last!"

XVI

Far in the distance let us take a view,
When unobstructed mother Nature threw
Her graceful mantle on the scenes around,
And the broad forest everywhere was found:
The sparkling rivers flowing to the sea,
Beside whose banks the Indian wandered free;
Here too the favorite songsters of the wood
Their nests constructed, sought their wonted food
And sang as sweetly to the "red man's" ear
The same rich notes, that we delight to hear;
Here too throughout th' extensive forest space,
In ancient freedom grew the antlered race,
Too oft, alas! the hostile hunter's prey,
Who in near ambush for his victim lay;
And here the blue-bird warbled forth so true,
The wind-flower blossomed, and the violet blue.
Though to untutored eyes she lay concealed,
All Nature in her beauty was revealed.

Let us in imagination go back two hundred and seventy-one years, to 1602, when the first Englishman landed on our shores. We might go back six hundred years earlier, to the time when the bold Northman sailed up and down our beautiful bay, known to him as "Straumfiord" or stream inlet. But it will be sufficient for our purpose to take the later date as the era of our notice, particularly as the history of New Bedford records the brief account of these early navigators being here. In the month of May, 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold and his com-

pany anchored their little bark, the Concord, in the bight of Cuttyhunk, the outermost of the Elizabeth Islands. Here, on an islet in a fresh-water pond, they constructed a small fort and storehouse. During the few weeks these adventurers remained here they visited the opposite main.

It is to this period of time I would call the attention of my readers. The beautiful Elizabeth Islands were then covered with the primeval woods, and abounded in deer and other wild animals, as well as seafowl. So with the mainland, one broad extent of forest, the shores indented with bays and inlets, and the rivers flowing in their unobstructed currents. With the exception of an occasional cluster of wigwams seen on the knolls among the trees, with their little columns of smoke arising, no human habitation presented itself to the eyes of the hardy seamen. An Indian here and there with his bow and arrows, seeking his game, or a canoe speeding its way across the rivers, enlivened the scene. If a clear morning, the sun was pouring his genial rays upon the tree-tops and corn patches of the native, where now our city stands. The songsters of the wood — the robin, the thrush, the catbird, and others of the numerous choir of spring — were chanting their songs of praise to the great and good Creator, while the odorous *arbutus*, the blue-eyed violet, and the delicate *anemone* were offering their beauty as a sweet adoration. The blessing of peace appeared to rest upon all things. Far up the river the unobstructed view stretched to Acushnet, by

which name the river and the country around were then known, the trees growing close to the shore, and the little islands with their groves of cedar, resorts of the osprey and the eagle, and over all the clear blue expanse of heaven, forming a picture such as it is refreshing to call to mind, and well to remember. Such was the face of nature as it appeared to the eyes of our early settlers, and a goodly heritage was indeed in store for them, for a more happy and prosperous people than were our forefathers of the first one hundred and fifty years after the first settlement, it would be difficult to instance. Mostly Quakers, living at peace with all men, industriously engaged in the cultivation of the soil and the simple mechanic trades of that day, they could but prosper, and prosper they did. There were, however, good reasons for this. In common with most of the early settlers of New England, those of our quarter came from the more intelligent and well-to-do in their native land, some of them of good education, and most of them possessed of means to purchase proprietorships and to establish good farms, rearing large and prosperous families, who in their turn cultivated the soil, and from time to time engaged in new enterprises until the commencement of the whalefishery, about the middle of the last century, from which time we have been tracing the history of the foundation and progress of the growth of our city, from a small agricultural and fishing village to its present importance as a commercial emporium.

New Bedford takes its date from 1761, when the

first house east of the County Road was built by John Lowden, from Pembroke, Mass., which house was among those burnt by the British during the invasion of our place in September, 1778. The lot of land on which this house stood was purchased of Joseph Russell, and was the first sold from his homestead farm. Between this date and 1765, when Joseph Rotch made his purchase, several houses had been built. Nearly a hundred years prior to this, the settlement of Dartmouth had been made at Russell's Mills by the Russells, Ricketsons, Slocums, Smiths, and others, and at Acushnet on the east side of our river, by the Popes, Tabers, Hathaways, and Jenneys. So it will be seen that our city, which has in interest exceeded all the rest of the township, was originally the farm land, consisting of the usual division of wood, pasture, and tillage, of the old proprietors who owned from Clark's Point to Acushnet village, namely, the Allens, the Russells, Willises, Peckhams, Hathaways, Wrightingtons, and Swifts. From nearly a mile west of County Street to the shore were the east-and-west lines of these old proprietorships, probably set off in the first division of the township into eight hundred acres. An old Allen house stood at the foot of the hill near Clark's Cove until within a few years, the original owner of which was, I believe, Benjamin Allen. The Allen property included Clark's Point, and the north boundary was a wall on either side of the road near the top of the aforesaid hill. The old road to Apponegansett and Russell's Mills passed over the beach. The road now leading

to South Dartmouth and the aforesaid places is of a much later date. Next came the original Joseph Russell land, from the north line of the Allen property to the south line of the Kempton, a line formerly the north one of the estate of the late Charles W. Morgan. There were three Joseph Russells. The house of Joseph R., 1st, stood on the lot afterwards built upon by the late George Tyson, and now owned by Captain John A. Delano. The house of Joseph R., 2d, stood near the spot now occupied by the house of Oliver Prescott; and that of Joseph Russell, 3d, usually known as Joseph Russell, Jr., stood at the head of William Street, a little southeast of the mansion of Mrs. Charles W. Morgan. The Kemptons owned from the before-mentioned north line of the Russell property to the south line of the Willis property, which was I believe in a line with Willis Street. The oldest Kempton house of which I have any knowledge, stood until within the last quarter of a century, at the southwest corner of Kempton and County streets. A still older, and the original one, stood on the lot of the David B. Kempton house, County Street. The earliest mention of the name is in the old surveys, that of Manasseth Kempton, March ye 24th, 1710–11, spelt "Kimton." The Willis property extended from the before-mentioned bound of Willis Street to the south boundary of the Peckham property, the south line of the estate of Benjamin Rodman, to the south line of the Hathaway property, the north line of the "Tallman farm," or that of Charles R. Tucker and the late

Willard Nye. The original Peckham house stood a little to the southeast of "Woodlee house," the property of said C. R. Tucker. Next came the Hathaway property, which extended to the top of the hill known as "Hathaway hill," near the residence of Benjamin B. Covell, and on a line with the north boundary of Sherman White's homestead estate, and the south line of that of Daniel Ricketson. The original Hathaway house stood upon the lot now occupied as the residence of Thomas N. Nash. It was a large, old-fashioned, two-storied farmhouse, built from the solid oak and hard-pine timber of the primeval forest. It was occupied previous to the revolution by Thomas Hathaway, who also built the large three-storied mansion on the southwest corner of Water and School streets, formerly owned and occupied by Isaac and Gideon Howland. During the building of this house, a short time before it was finished, a meeting was held here by the celebrated Jemima Wilkinson, and among the converts she made to her faith was the said Thomas Hathaway, who with his family soon after removed to the State of New York. The next in order north was the Wrightington property, which extended to that of the Swifts, including the farms of Thaddeus M. Perry, Daniel Ricketson, and land owned by several other parties. An old house of this family formerly stood a short distance north of the old Dr. Perry house, and another is still standing on the Bellville road, and occupied for many years by the late Jonathan Spooner.

At Acushnet village an early settlement was made by the Swifts. The old homesteads of Jireh Swift 1st, and his brother Paul, were near each other at the corner turning to the village and the river. That of the former is still standing, but considerably modernized, and the lower part of the latter was some years since converted into a grocery store, now occupied by Reuben Washburn. The village of Acushnet, at which we have now arrived, is one of the pleasantest places in the vicinity of New Bedford, a portion of which is in the township of Acushnet. In the days of our commercial prosperity, the "Head-of-the-River," (by which name it is still usually known,) was a busy and enterprising little place. Several large "stores" were kept here, and that of "Swift & Nye" laid the foundation of the wealth of the old families of these names, through their connection with the whale fishery. It has many attractions as a pleasant and quiet residence, and should business again revive in our city, as is expected, this village, as well as other places in our neighborhood, will doubtlessly be awakened into wonted life and activity.

XVII

HISTORICAL AND EPISODICAL

In early times on 'Cushnet's eastern shore,
All of a hundred years ago or more,
At Oxford point our commerce took its rise ;
For here began the hardy enterprise
Of building ships to launch upon the deep,
And wealth from foreign continents to reap.
To the far Indies voyages were made,
The old and young joined in the thriving trade,
So whate'er honor from such things are grown,
Let Bedford and Fairhaven freely own.

Prior to the year 1812, New Bedford and Fairhaven were one township, under the name of the former. At this time politics ran high — New Bedford was Federal, and Fairhaven Democrat. The contest became so strong that a division in the town was the consequence. The heat of the contention also became so great that one old Democrat could not bear it any longer in New Bedford, and moved to Fairhaven ; but he lived long enough to return to New Bedford, change his politics, and hold an honorable office for many years, becoming "milder and mellower with declining age." Reared in the old school of Federalists, my father being one of the original of that party in our place, it took me a long time to outgrow my early impressions. Naturally, however,

I slid into the old Whig party for a time, attended a few political meetings, was a candidate for the responsible office of Register of Deeds, undertook on one occasion in the "hard-cider" campaign, to address a "caucus," broke down with much "chagerin," as old Capt. C. would say, and gave up politics in despair if not disgust, and my little budget of law into the bargain.

The last time I voted with the Whig party was at the second election of Gov. George N. Briggs, at the time of the anti-Texan excitement in 1844, (if my memory is correct,) when the Whigs in council assembled in Boston and issued their remonstrance to this Southern annexation, declaring it would be tantamount to a dissolution of the Union, if Congress so enacted, and that the Whigs of Massachusetts would not sustain the measure. Many of the abolition party, with whom I had become connected at this time, desirous of opposing Southern domination, and working in behalf of the slaves, accepted the professions of the Whigs, although half distrusting their sincerity, yet willing once more to give them a trial, voted the Whig gubernatorial ticket that year. Texas, however, was annexed, and lo! our good Governor, peace to his memory, forgetting or ignoring the promises of his party on which the abolition vote had been obtained, issued his proclamation according to the requisitions of the general government, and called upon every patriotic citizen to be ready, if required, to join the army in the war with Mexico which had already begun. No abolition-

ist was again deceived in a like manner. Our banner with the motto "No Union with Slavery," was given to the breeze and not until the election of Governor Andrew, of blessed memory, and the second election of honest Abraham Lincoln, did the abolitionists cast a vote for a public magistrate. Hard was the battle we fought, but great and glorious the victory under Divine Providence obtained at last, gained, 't is true, through great suffering, amid the groans of the wounded and the wails of the bereaved. Time alone can soften the grief of the agonized soul — time so mercifully granted as the great physician in all our sorrows. Truly has the poet said :—

> "O Time, thou beautifier of the dead,
> Adorner of the ruin — comforter,
> And only healer where the heart hath bled :
> Time the corrector when our judgments err."

I hope that my readers will pardon this egotistic episode, but as I write *currente calamo*, and do not pretend to order, I am often led aside in my rambling discourses.

Originally Fairhaven and New Bedford were included in the old township of Dartmouth. The first division of this ancient township, which was a part of the old Plymouth colony, was made in 1787, into three townships, namely : Westport, Dartmouth, and New Bedford. In 1859, the north part of Fairhaven was set off as the present township of Acushnet. Owing to the building of the bridge between New Bedford and Fairhaven, in 1796, the harbor at Oxford was destroyed, and the business transferred to

Fairhaven, which soon became a place of great commercial importance. In 1838, Fairhaven was experiencing, in common with New Bedford, great commercial prosperity. She had at this time thirty-seven ships and barques, and one brig, employed in the whale fishery. New Bedford at this time had one hundred and seventy ships, barques, and brigs in the same business. The leading merchants of Fairhaven at this date were Gibbs & Jenney, Ezekiel Sawin, Atkins Adams, A. D. Stoddard, Nathan Church, Lemuel Tripp, F. R. Whitwell, Samuel Borden, and Warren Delano. In New Bedford, were George Howland, John Avery Parker & Son, Chas. W. Morgan, William R. Rodman, John and James Howland, William T. Russell, William H. Allen, Gideon Allen, T. and A. R. Nye, I. Howland, Jr., & Co., Jireh Perry, Wm. R. Rotch & Co., David R. Greene & Co., Alfred Gibbs & Co., Abraham H. Howland, Elisha Dunbar & Co., I. H. Bartlett, Thomas Riddell & Sons, Abraham Barker, Matthew Luce, John Coggeshall, Andrew Robeson, George Randall, John C. Haskell, Oliver Crocker, Samuel Rodman, Benjamin Rodman, Alexander Gibbs, and others, — these named, however, were actively engaged in business and were agents and owners of ships.

Nantucket had at this time, 1838, seventy-four ships and two schooners employed in the whale fishery. The total number of the whaling fleet at this date was five hundred and fifty-three vessels. Nantucket, the great foster-mother of the whale fishery, and for which she will ever have a high stand in

commercial enterprises, has within a short time parted with her last whale ship.

For the year ending January 1, 1858, Fairhaven had forty-seven ships and barques and one schooner, amounting to 16,840 tonnage. Amount of oil imported during this year, 5500 barrels sperm, 17,417 whale, and 103,200 pounds bone.

Fairhaven is said to have received its name from its pleasant situation and good harbor, and certainly, during the summer season at least, from its openness to the sea breezes from Buzzard's Bay, it deserves the name. The original township was 13 miles in length and about $3\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth. It was the intention of Joseph Rotch, who came from Nantucket in the year 1765, to settle in this place, but not being able to purchase land near the shore, he settled in New Bedford, but effected the purchase of an extensive tract of land in the rear of the village of Fairhaven, most of which has I believe been held by himself and descendants to the present time.

In common with New Bedford, Fairhaven has been seriously depressed by the failure of the whale fishery, but has considerably revived within the last few years by the introduction of new enterprises in the way of manufacturing and other business; and at the present time bids fair, with our own city, to recover its former importance as a place of business, while for a summer resort it has many valuable recommendations and attractions. My faith in the ultimate establishment of free-trade leads me to conclude that this fine old seaport, as well as our own

and other places of former high commercial standing, will again resume their wonted activity and rank, by this highly needed change in our governmental policy.

Much may be said in favor of the healthfulness of this old settled part of our country. For a race like ours who have been for so many generations, both in our fatherland and here, accustomed to the sea air, it can hardly be expected, except in some particular cases of disease, that the far inland air of the West will be as well adapted for health and longevity. In a late conversation with an intelligent emigrant from our city to the West, he remarked that it required two or three generations to become acclimated to the fresh water country of the new States, and that the first generation suffered great mortality from the change. These are serious considerations, and probably the most so of any for remaining in this old land of our fathers. But there are others also of weight and importance. Here are established institutions and customs, which have required generations to accomplish, and besides, with a small portion of the deprivations necessarily endured by the emigrant into a "new country," most could live far more comfortably here. Then, again, by the application of the experience of others and the discoveries of science, our soil can be brought to produce nearly everything required for our consumption.

I will conclude with the following homely lines from my rustic muse : —

THE HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND

Forsake not the land of thy fathers,
To seek for a home in the West ;
The soil by their labor so hallowed,
Where their bodies in peacefulness rest.

Repair, then, the dear old homestead,
Rekindle the fire on the hearth,
Forget not the loved and departed,
Forsake not the home of thy birth.

The air here is pure and wholesome,
By no noxious vapors accursed ;
And here are our rare institutions,
In our land acknowledged the first.

Give rest to your bodies and spirits,
Nor care if you gain not a store ;
Wealth not alone pleasure inherits,
Fear not to be honest and poor.

Sit down by the dear old hearth-stone,
Where thy fathers assembled of yore,
And gather thy household around thee,
As thy grandsire gathered before.

Enough from the land of oppression
Are seeking a home in the West,
So cling to the soil of thy fathers,
As fairest, most healthful, and best.

The soil that they planted is sacred,
With crops of affection and love,
And the race that it nurtured the foremost
Their wisdom and powers to prove.

So cling to the land of thy fathers,
Nor seek for a home in the West ;
The soil by their labor so hallowed,
Where their bodies in peacefulness rest.

XVIII

OLD CITIZENS

"All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time acts many parts."

SHAKSPEARE.

To the student of human nature almost any community will afford a field of observation and instruction ; and nearly every phase of character may be found even in quite narrow bounds. While the country, with its healthful out-of-door occupations, more nearly perhaps than any other mode of life, assimilates mankind ; large towns and cities, and even villages often have a variety of character, and some of the greatest delineators of these features, with the immortal Shakspeare at the head, have found the material for their illustrative work within quite a limited sphere. So in our once provincial town we had the usual variety, the sober and the gay, the strong and the weak, the self-conscious, the humble in pretension, but of genuine worth, the wily politician, the open-hearted and open-handed, and so on — all phases and shades of character, with perhaps salt enough, through Divine mercy, to save the city. So it was, so it is, so it will probably remain to be during your day and mine, friendly

reader. Let us learn then to prize the good wherever we find it, as we often shall, and probably most frequently, in humble guise, quite out of the paths of the so-called great of this world. It is indeed a noble sight to see those endowed with fine natural gifts, with wealth, and a feeling, generous heart, seeking out objects of merit for the exercise of their benevolence, encouraging the struggling against the adverse tide of fortune by timely and kindly words.

Such we have had, such I trust we now have among us. Such were some of the old Quaker merchants of our place, who have long since departed from the scenes of their activity in business and their works of benevolence. Some of the truest friends of the colored people, particularly the poor fugitive, were to be found among these worthy disciples of the great Master. I have heard it said, that in early times, there was scarcely a house here that had not given shelter to fugitives from Southern oppression. In England the strongest and firmest supporters of Wilberforce and Clarkson in their anti-slavery labors were the Friends. So in this country, the members of this fraternity aroused by the appeals of Anthony Benezet and John Woolman, liberated their slaves, and prepared the way for the great abolition movement of which William Lloyd Garrison is the honored champion, some of his strongest coadjutors having been either by birth or education connected with this body of Christians. So with the movement of the late good William Ladd in his noble efforts in behalf of universal peace

among the nations of mankind. So too with the temperance cause, the Friends by example and counsel have been efficient supporters.

Elisha Thornton, 1st, a highly-gifted and much-respected minister of the Society of Friends, was an early advocate of the emancipation of the slaves. More than fifty years ago he wrote a poem on slavery, wherein he foreshadowed the bloody result of a continuation in this iniquitous system. As I have not in my previous notice of this good man given a particular description of him, I will now do so. In his person he was rather tall and erect, his head was large, his forehead broad and high, his eyes grey and full, his nose of the Roman order, and the expression of his face indicative of intelligence and sensibility. He was of a tender and humane spirit, liberal in his religious views, and generous towards all. As a preacher he was a favorite with old and young. He was born in Smithfield, R. I., 12 mo. 7th, 1747, and died in this town, 12 mo. 31st, 1816, in the 70th year of his age. I have also described the person and character of William Rotch, Sr., who was born in Nantucket 10 mo. 4th, 1734, O. S., and died in this town 5 mo. 16th, 1828, in the 94th year of his age. His son William Rotch, Jr., for a long time the most prominent merchant of our place, was born in Nantucket, 11 mo. 29th, 1759, and died in New Bedford 4 mo. 17th, 1850, in his 91st year. His former residence was in the large three-storied mansion now used as the "Sailors' Home," and which once stood on Water Street, a short distance

east of its present location. When built, some eighty odd years ago, it commanded a fine prospect of the harbor and bay. The spot on which it stood was called "Rotch's Hill." This was subsequently cut down, and as I remember, the house was entered at the front by flights of stone steps. This house becoming the property of the late Mrs. Sarah Rotch Arnold, a daughter of William Rotch, Jr., was given by her to the Port Society.

"William Rotch, Jr.," as he always wrote his name, was a man of marked ability and dignity of manner. He always reminded me of the pictures of William Penn, to which his primitive dress in a good degree contributed. He was a large man, his height nearly six feet, and broad and stout in person. His countenance was less benign perhaps in expression than his father's, and his complexion florid. But he was a man of sterling integrity and worth, kind and hospitable, and though not perhaps generous from impulse was often so from principle, and there were few useful works that did not receive his aid. During the palmy days of the Society of Friends, i. e. anterior to the great schism, he was a prominent and useful member — in fact a large portion of the expenses of the society here and elsewhere were borne by himself and brother-in-law, Samuel Rodman, Sr. When the division in the Society took place, this worthy and estimable man, with most if not all of his family, were "disowned" by the so-called orthodox portion, who held the balance of power and thus became possessors of the property of the Society.

It was indeed a sad sight to see this fine old Quaker gentleman in his handsome brown clothes, with the old-fashioned knee breeches and long gaiters, walking by the meeting he had so long attended as a highly honored member, to meet a few of the disowned like himself at the old Lyceum building.

Cotemporaneous with William Rotch, Jr., was his brother-in-law, Samuel Rodman, Sr., who was born, I believe, and served his apprenticeship as a merchant, in Newport, R. I. Not as large a man as the former, he was however marked for his personal appearance, a man of real elegance, on whom the fine old Quaker sat most becomingly. I knew him only in the decline of life, but he must have been remarkably handsome in his youth and prime of manhood. He was an accomplished merchant, a man of sterling integrity and ability, and for a long time an influential member of the Society of Friends, but like the preceding, his brother-in-law, was " disowned."

His excellent wife, the late Elizabeth Rotch Rodman, a woman of superior ability and marked benevolence, a friend of the slave, and interested in every cause of humanity, survived her husband many years, and died in this city a few years ago, at an advanced age, beloved and respected by all who knew her.

Among our older merchants and native-born citizens were Charles and Seth Russell. Their father and themselves, under the firm of Seth Russell & Sons, were at one time as prominent as any business concern in our city, being largely engaged in the whale-fishery and other mercantile business, as well

as large owners of real estate. With the crash of the times in the first great commercial crisis of our place, these worthy old merchants became bankrupt. They were both originally of the Society of Friends, but the latter only retained his membership.

Among those who carried great weight on change in our community, forty years ago, was the late John Avery Parker, who rose by his own industry and ability from a poor boy to one of our wealthiest merchants. Few men possessed more energy or enterprise than he. He had been, I believe, a member of the Senate of Massachusetts from Bristol county, and, for many years, up to the time of his death, President of the Merchants Bank of this city. He was a native of Plympton, Mass. He lived to a good old age, and died some years since, at his mansion, corner of Willis and County streets. In person he was rather stout, and his countenance mild. His manners were a little hasty for dignity, but there was much of the old-fashioned gentility about him when not harassed with business. From the want of acquaintance with him, I regret that I cannot make a more extended notice of this once prominent old citizen.

Occasionally, a man born to be a dictator, endowed by nature with that peculiar military discipline which usually goes to form the character of a chieftain, becomes a Quaker, nevertheless the spirit finds its expression, and though the language be marked by *thee* and *thou*, and the dress of the formal cut of this sect, the cast of the man, the gait, the emphatic

word and manner, reveal the true military spirit of one "to the manner born." Such a man by nature, I fancy, was our late fellow-citizen, and for many years one of the leading merchants of New Bedford, George Howland, Sr., when viewed in the light of his commercial generalship. All through his active life he was marked for his great industry, enterprise, and integrity. Always himself, and consequently no hypocrite, people knew how to find him, and few could approach him except in the most open and straightforward manner. In ability I know of no one of our old merchants with whom to compare him, except his late cotemporary, James Arnold. The latter was a man of more reading and acquaintance with general society, but he was given to long harangues, though often instructive when one could afford the time to listen to him; but the former was never tedious, he had no time to spare, for time to him was too valuable to waste. He was a man of vigorous constitution — not over medium size, but compact, squarely built, and muscular; his countenance in repose was rather stern, or perhaps serious, but, when lighted with a smile, by no means unpleasant. His nose was somewhat heavy and Roman, his lips thin, and usually compressed, his eye rather full, of a greyish blue and intelligent, and his head of large size; a head that a phrenologist would mark as possessing great strength of character. He was fond of athletic exercises, was a good skater, and took a part in our gymnastic exercises at the Friends' Academy, when verging on fifty years of age. He

honestly believed in Quakerism, and is represented during his last illness as having found religious hope and consolation in the doctrines of the Christian faith. He became very gentle, wished flowers to be brought to him, and gave his testimony to the value of faith in the Redeemer. His memory is much respected by his family and a large circle of friends. It is well to see the beauty of gentleness and holiness, even at the last end of our lives; but how much better for us to learn to value these heavenly gifts when in health and strength. Poor humanity too often misses its best good.

I am informed that the last ten years of his life was marked by many acts of benevolence towards the poor and needy, and among them sending his check for five hundred dollars to a lady magazine writer in New York on hearing of her pecuniary embarrassment. I have heard also that he never put fire-arms on board his ships for defense, and that during the last war with Great Britain he made sacrifices in a department of his business lest it should compromise his religious profession. He retired to Long Plain, and among other things built a stone wall, for his natural industry and activity would not admit of his being supine. He was not a man to parade his religion or his good deeds, but doubtlessly in his own private way endeavored to fulfill the requirements of the Christian faith. All must unite in the testimony to his uprightness, honesty, and sterling manliness of character — one of nature's strong men.

George Howland was born at Long Plain, then a part of Dartmouth, and now of Acushnet, 7 mo. 12th, 1781, and died at his house, corner of Walnut and Seventh streets, 5 mo. 21st, 1852, in the 71st year of his age. He left a large fortune. Among his bequests were fifteen thousand dollars to the Friends' school at Haverford, Pa., five thousand dollars for a school in North Carolina, and fifty thousand dollars in trust for the establishment of a school for "young females." The portrait I have made of this strong-minded man is that of the street, or rather of him as a merchant. Doubtlessly he had his home character, and a sunnier side than that the public saw. His dress was of the old style, and he retained the knee-breeches among the last who wore them.

I may continue these old portraits, in which I wish to be just and true both to the departed and the living.

XIX

"Pictured in memory's mellowing glass how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet,
Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each winged hour some new delight beguiles,
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasures to pursue.
Here once again remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys,
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene once more,
And once again each infant walk explore."

Childhood. — HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Beloved Kirke White! friend of my early days,
How well thou bring'st these pleasures to my gaze;
I live again in memory's blissful dream,
And catch once more of youth and hope, a gleam.

THERE are two views of the past, the bright and the dark; and these may be divided into many varieties. It should, however, be the part of the poet and the chronicler, to present the bright and sunnier one, even though it border on romance; for what real life has not more or less of this rich element? It were indeed a sad conclusion to suppose that there were no poetry, no hours of that sweet exultation of soul and sense, in the youthful days of even the sternest and most prosaic of mankind. Whether or not this be so, there are few, we trust, who have not hours of past joy, pleasant reminiscences, which it is a happiness to remember and to

repeat in the ear of friendship and love. Cherish then, dear youth, those rich intellectual pleasures derived from the study of nature and art, as well as those even richer social relations of pure love and friendship between the sexes in the halcyon days of youth. Cultivate the lofty and soul-expanding works of the true masters of song, of music, and the kindred arts, closely allied as they are to nature and the worship of nature's God.

Thus in looking back upon the days of our past, permit the halo of time to throw its romance around the cherished scenes and events of memory. It is indeed a happy faculty, and one to be cherished, that of seeing only the calm and lovely features of our earlier days — a spring-tide freshness pervades the more joyous, while a soft autumnal haze shrouds in a measure the sadder scenes of life. I never look at that fine picture by William A. Wall, "New Bedford fifty years ago," or the scene of the old "Four-Corners," but that meditations kindred to the above arise in my mind. I am a boy once more, the old people, the old scenes, and the emotions of youth again are present. The air is balmy and full of music, soothing to the spirit as that of the spheres. Such is the power of reproductive art and memory.

In my last chapter I attempted some sketches of our old merchants and fellow citizens. In this I propose to continue the subject, but before I enter upon this department of my work, it has occurred to me, to give a picture of an old-fashioned tea-party, or "company," as we used to call this social gathering.

The time I have in view would be about 1823, that is fifty years ago; and we will suppose it to be in the Autumn, or "Fall of the year," the term for this season then in general use. I shall draw the scene from my boyhood's home, at the old house of my father, on Union fronting Seventh street. The east front room which we called "the parlour" in distinction from the other front room, which we called "the keeping room," — "the parlour" then was put in order, the bright Brussels carpets nicely swept, having first been sprinkled with wet tea leaves, the chairs, pier-tables, the great old-fashioned sofa, studded with brass-headed nails, the alabaster urns, and silver candlesticks, and snuffers with tray, dusted, an extra polish given to the high brass andirons, a great fire of oak and maple was kindled, blazing and crackling merrily, and the room nice and warm by three o'clock, when tap goes the brass knocker at the front door; and soon enter two or three of the more elderly of the guests in their neat Quaker costume, for we were Friends, — my good mother with smiling face ready to receive them and assist in laying off their cloaks or pelisses and bonnets, with an invitation to come to the fire and warm or dry their shoes, — no india rubbers then, but sometimes neatly made carpet moccasins with leather soles. Within an hour, or by 4 o'clock, the company has assembled — the great sofa as well as the chairs are filled. On the former, I remember to have seen some half dozen or more sisters, cousins of my father, all dressed in their neat white Quaker gowns, and all

of marked beauty, belonging to a family of some twelve or thirteen children; three of the sisters of which are still living in this city. Somewhat later came the husbands of some of them — quite a number however were still unmarried. Much good feeling is exchanged, and a general conversation commences, interrupted, however, by the announcement, that the tea was on the table.

In the meantime the tall spermaceti candles have been lighted, and with their soft light and that of the blazing wood fires, the rooms are brilliantly illuminated. On the tea table are candles duly arranged, the handsome urn of claret color and silver trimmings is in its place, and the fragrance of the tea and coffee pervades the room. The guests leave the parlor and cross the entry to the "keeping room," where they find my mother at her post. Nice short biscuit rolls, with quince marmalade and preserved plums, are succeeded by the usual variety of sponge and pound cake. The buzz of conversation is kept up with the clatter of cups and saucers. Questions are asked and answered, and the usual exclamations of surprise, and the hearty laugh, at times relieve the otherwise monotony of voices. It is perhaps announced that a new engagement has taken place, or friends so and so have "passed meeting" and will be married on the next fifth day. After tea the men talk politics, the new candidate for the Presidency, John Quincy Adams, is perhaps discussed, the return or expected return of whale-ships, the approaching quarterly meeting of Friends in the

twelfth month are duly disposed of, and so the evening goes on, winding up with nuts, raisins, and a glass of wine around, but rarely more than one was taken. By half-past nine they depart with mutual good feelings and cordial invitations to "come and see." Matters are settled within the household and all retire by ten. Such was the custom among the middling class of our people in the days of my boyhood; and probably a happier state of society than then existed has never been the lot of our place to witness.

Among the elderly men at this time were Abraham, Gilbert, and Humphrey Russell, brothers, and sons of Joseph and Judith Russell. Abraham, it will be remembered, built the fine old three-storied mansion which formerly stood at the head of Union on County Street. He was a man of rather small stature, decidedly of the old school in dress and manners. He wore the William Penn costume, and his clothes were made of the best of English broadcloth, and his hat of the finest beaver. He inherited a large portion of his father's property, which was mostly in real estate, and if he had retained it, would have made him very wealthy; but he entered into business and met with reverses, and in time lost a large portion of his estate. His wife, however, having a small fortune, supplied in a great measure the deficiency thus made. He established the first line of stage coaches between New Bedford and Boston. In the old "Medley," or New Bedford "Marine Journal" for Friday, May 19th, 1797,

is an advertisement of the "Mail Stage" three times a week, the fare three dollars and fifty cents each way. This is signed by Abraham Russell, 4 mo. 27th, 1797. He was a man of great cheerfulness of temperament, and consequently a favorite with young as well as old. He was first to introduce anthracite coal for domestic use in our place, and when he had got a glowing fire in his grate for the first time, he was so much pleased with it that he exclaimed, "Open the front door and we will warm all New Bedford!" During his life he lost two large barns upon his place at different times by fire. The loss of property, however, never appeared to lessen his happiness, and he died as he had ever lived, in contentment and peace. He was born 2 mo. 25th, 1756, O. S. I have not the date of his death at hand, but he was, I think, more than eighty at the time of his death. Barnabas Russell, an older brother, was born 3 mo. 26th, 1745, O. S. His residence was at the northeast corner of Union and Purchase streets, afterwards owned and occupied by Dr. Alexander Read. He subsequently moved to Easton, Washington county, New York, and there died May 14th, 1812.

Humphrey Russell was born 5 mo. 28th, 1758. A worthy, old-fashioned man, remarkably industrious and frugal in his habits. He had been engaged in commercial pursuits in the earlier part of his life, but as I remember him was principally occupied in agricultural matters. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and most uniform and up-

right in his habits of life. He died at his residence, corner of Sixth and Spring streets.

Gilbert Russell was born 5 mo. 2d, 1760. A man of rather small stature, of a fresh and healthy countenance, scrupulously neat in his person and dress, of remarkably quiet manners but of genuine worth of character, and a good deal of taste in his residences, and fond of gardening. As a merchant he stood high, and was successful in his commercial affairs, leaving a handsome fortune to his family. He built, and for many years occupied, the old mansion on County street at the head of Walnut street, afterwards purchased by the late William R. Rotch, and of late years enlarged and modernized, and now owned by E. P. Abbe, M. D. He died from an injury he received by being thrown from his carriage, August 22d, 1829, in the 70th year of his age. He was the father of the late William T. Russell, who died in this city March 6th, 1872, in the 84th year of his age.

Another old ship-master and merchant, Capt. Cornelius Grinnell, should not be forgotten, one of the men who carved his own way in the world, through the possession of a vigorous intellect and great industry. He was a gentleman of the old school, and of marked personal appearance from the neatness and good taste in his dress. He retained the knee-breeches and top-boots until within a few years of his death. He was rather below than above the medium size, but well-knit and active. His manners were like most of his profession — bluff and hearty,

but not wanting in polish. He was the father of those distinguished merchants, Hon. Joseph Grinnell, Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, and Henry Grinnell, Esq. He was born in Little Compton, R. I., 2 mo. 11th, 1758, and died in New Bedford, 4 mo. 19th, 1850, in his 93d year.

Of the same generation and cotemporary with these was Daniel Ricketson, Sr., who was born 8 mo. 19th, 1747, O. S., at Russell's Mills, Dartmouth, the home of his ancestors for three generations, being a descendant from William Ricketson, who died March 1st, 1691. He learned the trade of a cooper, but early commenced going to sea, making voyages to the Southern States and the West Indies. I do not think he ever rose higher than to be master of a brig. I once saw many years ago an old shipping-paper of the brig Russell, of which he was master, and Cornelius Grinnell, Sr., mate, and Weston Howland, Sr., one of the "company." He discontinued his seafaring life soon after his only surviving son, the late Joseph Ricketson, Sr., who had served his time in the counting-room and warehouse of William Rotch, Jr., became of age, and with whom he entered into copartnership under the firm of Daniel Ricketson & Son. Their mercantile business prospered for some years, but owing to the failure of a commission house in New York, they lost about all their property except their real estate, which at this time, about 1811, was not of much value.

The Bedford Commercial Insurance Company

being established soon after, Joseph Ricketson, who was instrumental in forming it, was chosen president, which office he held until he was chosen cashier of the Bedford Commercial Bank in 1816.

Daniel Ricketson, Sr., was married to Rebecca Russell, a daughter of Joseph Russell, 3 mo. 31st, 1768, according to the custom of Friends, at the old Apponagansett meeting-house, Dartmouth. The following is a list of the names attached to the marriage certificate: Daniel Ricketson, Rebeckah Ricketson, Joseph Russell, Abraham Ricketson, Barnabas Russell, Caleb Russell, Daniel Russell, John Russell, Timothy Russell, Nicholas Howland, Abraham Smith, Joseph Russell, Jr., Stephen Russell, Barnabas Howland, Jr., Caleb Russell, Jr., Abraham Tucker, John Potter, Stephen Willcock, Jonathan Hussey, Daniel Hathaway, Joseph Gifford, William Tallman, David Durfy, William Brown, James Davis, Christopher Parry, Benjamin Peabody, Patrick Maxfeld, Patience Russell, Rebekah Ricketson, Hepzibah Hussey, Deborah Reed, Bethiah Wady, Zerviah Ricketson, Lydia Smith, Eliza Russell, Mary Russell, Deborah Ricketson.

I have written out this list in full, as the descendants of these worthy old people, (a few of whom will be remembered among our aged friends,) may be interested in them.

Daniel Ricketson was of medium height, and in his prime rather stout and compact, of fresh complexion, blue eyes, and nose of the Roman order. He was active and energetic, and had the manners

of a sea-captain, modified by his Quaker principles. He wore the primitive dress of Friends, of drab color, including silver shoe and knee buckles. In Winter the shoes were substituted by "top boots." He was one of the well-dressed Friends, and usually carried a handsome cane with ivory head, and silver bands, one of them bearing his initials. This cane, and his shoe and knee buckles, are still in the possession of the writer, his grandson. At the age of sixty he had not lost a tooth. He died 8 mo. 10th, 1824, in the 80th year of his age. Rebecca Ricketson, his wife, died 3 mo. 1st, 1837, aged nearly 90 years. I should do injustice to my own feelings did I not acknowledge a debt of gratitude to these my grandparents, under whose hospitable roof I passed a portion of my early life, for their unwearied kindness to me. They belonged to the old-fashioned school of liberal Friends, and with humble pretensions passed their lives in this, the home of their ancestors for several generations, in happiness and peace.

RICKETSON PEDIGREE

William and Elizabeth Ricketson. He died March 1, 1691. His widow, Elizabeth R., was living in 1694, being mentioned in the list of names to the confirmatory deed of Dartmouth. Their children as recorded in the Dartmouth Town Records were as follows:

Rebecca,	born	May 14th, 1681.
John,	"	Feb. 11th, 1683.
Elizabeth,	"	Sept. 1st, 1684.
William,	"	Feb. 26th, 1686.
Jonathan,	"	Apr. 7th, 1688.
Timothy,	"	Jan. 22d, 1690.

From these, all who bear the name in this country are supposed to be descended.

Jonathan, son of the above William and Elizabeth, died October 16, 1768, aged 80 years, 7 months, 9 days. Abigail Howland, his wife, died Jan. 15th, 1769.

John, son of Jonathan and Abigail R., died May 8th, 1794, aged 74 years. Phebe Russell, his wife, died Nov. 3d, 1770.

Daniel, son of John and Phebe R., born 8 mo. 19th, 1745, died 8 mo. 8th, 1824, aged about 79 years.

Joseph Ricketson, Sr., son of Daniel and Rebecca R., born 7 mo. 27th, 1771, died 10 mo. 9th, 1841, aged 70 years. Anna Thornton, his wife, born 4 mo. 23d, 1786, died 8 mo. 6th, 1827, in the 42d year of her age.

Note. — Daniel Ricketson, son of Joseph Ricketson, Sr., and Anna Thornton, his wife, (writer of these sketches), was born in New Bedford, July 30th, 1813, where he died July 16th, 1898. — Editors.

XX

"Who that bears
A human bosom, hath not often felt
How dear are all those ties which bind our race
In gentleness together; and how sweet
Their force; let Fortune's wayward hand, the while
Be kind or cruel."

Although my business is more particularly with the past, I cannot refrain by way of introduction to the present chapter, to dwell for a moment on the encouraging prospects of the present (April, 1873), for I think it must be evident to the most casual observer that the spirit of enterprise, which for a long time has lain dormant in our community, is once more awakened, and that the coming season offers fresh inducements for our capitalists to look more closely at our home interests, and to reëstablish that ancient good faith which formerly so marked us as a commercial people. It will be in vain of course to arouse a few to the importance of embracing the present turn of the tide; but I trust that the good sense of the majority of our men of business will see that only a broad and generous spirit can rescue the interests of our city for the present and coming generation. A prospective view is ever the part of a good merchant; and they whose interests for themselves and their children are

identified with the success of our city, cannot fail to see that a seeming present sacrifice may often effect a permanent future good. No narrow-minded policy, it will be seen, is herein inculcated, but a broad and philosophical one, based upon an intelligent recognition of the great laws that govern the affairs of men and nations. Whilst concentration of forces is necessary at the present time, a regard to the public good can alone insure the great object in view. Capitalists and corporations, now so potent, should be led to see if possible that a selfish policy will eventually defeat their own ends, pecuniarily, while at the same time the true enjoyment and only legitimate use of wealth, in making others happy, will be lost. The people, however, thanks to our free institutions, have the power of reform, as a *dernier* resort, in the ballot box; and the time is, I trust, not far distant, when our legislators will be chosen only from those whose knowledge of jurisprudence and political economy qualify them to see that the chief object of a republic is to protect the interests of the many against the usurpations of the few.

In other words, we must ere long revive the old democratic doctrine of "free trade," and endeavor to avert those great commercial crises which have periodically for the past forty years so shaken the foundations of our body-politic. Short-sighted, selfish men will argue strongly against these views; but every patriot and philanthropist must see how important is the contemplated change. We have only to look at our commerce and the mechanic arts

dependent upon it, to see how we have been for many years suffering.

The history of the Saxon race shows how great wrongs will eventually become righted; but with the record of the past, it would appear wise to make use of its lessons. It does appear that the civilization of the age demands, and should attain without civil strife, that great and general prosperity which our government at its foundation intended to secure. Let us therefore here in New Bedford, the commercial emporium of the whale-fishery, strive to comprehend those principles of the great natural laws which must ever govern the affairs of mankind, and in the revival of our business, remember that it is only in the observance of these laws that we can look for a substantial improvement in our affairs as a community — having the common weal at heart — not to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer, but to equalize so far as is possible, the good of all. This may sound utopian to some, but it has the sanction of ages and holy writ upon it.

I shall now proceed to depict in my homely way a few more portraits of our

OLD CITIZENS

Among the strong old men of the past generation, men of real experience, of marked vigor, and genuine integrity of character, was Capt. Cornelius Howland, Sr., son of Gideon and Sarah Howland, who was born in Dartmouth, 3 mo. 13th, 1758. At the early age of eighteen years he became master of a

vessel, and during the revolutionary war was taken prisoner by the English, and confined in Edinburgh Castle fifteen months. During this imprisonment he was taken very ill, and given over by the physicians. His life appears to have been almost miraculously preserved by a circumstance which occurred and may be worthy of record. As he laid in a languishing state, one of the attending physicians stood near by him eating cherries, when, through one of those unerring operations of instinct in disease, he opened his feeble hand for some of the fruit. At first the physician declined, thinking it might hurt him, but his colleague said, "Give him some, they cannot harm him," supposing his case to be beyond recovery. He found the cherries very grateful, and after the physicians had gone, he employed one of the attendants to procure some for him, and from eating freely of these, it is thought he was cured of his illness. At the time of his capture he had a small amount of gold about him, which he contrived, when searched, by changing it from one hand to the other, to retain in his own possession, and which he found of great service to him while in prison. He effected his escape by bribing the washerwoman who came to the prison. Through her means he was supplied with a dress of her own, and on the occasion of her visiting the prison on one of her usual rounds, he passed out in this disguise, being taken probably for the washerwoman. By an arrangement she had made, he was met by a party at a certain place designated to him, and thence conducted on

board a vessel ready to sail for Holland, and thus escaped, through the skill of his own management, from a longer imprisonment and much more consequent suffering. After having experienced many other severe vicissitudes of fortune, he abandoned his sea-faring life, and settled down for the remainder of his life upon his farm at Clark's Point, one of the pleasantest marine localities upon our coast, commanding a beautiful view of Buzzards Bay and the Elizabeth Islands, as well as the surrounding country for many miles. The light-house at Clark's Point has greeted the eyes of many a weary mariner, after his long voyage to the Pacific ocean. A portion of this property was disposed of by the heirs several years ago to the United States, since which time a substantial fort has been under process of erection. The subject of this notice was a man of great energy of character, strongly attached to the principles of the Society of Friends, of which body he was for many of the latter years of his life a prominent elder. The writer well remembers him as he sat in silent meditation upon the "high seat" of the old Friends' meeting-house on Spring street forty odd years ago. He was a fresh, healthy-looking man, and well represented the old school of the primitive Dartmouth Friends. He died 1 mo. 6, 1835, aged 77 years and 10 months. He was the father of Edward W. Howland, merchant, of this city, and the late Captain Cornelius Howland, Jr., also a merchant, who died in 1865, aged 62 years. During a late visit to Great Britain, Hon. Joseph Grinnell, a nephew of

the above C. H., Sr., visited the Castle at Edinburgh with much interest, from its association with the eventful experience of his uncle many years before. I am likewise informed that the son of the prisoner, Edward W. Howland, previously named, a few years prior to the last mentioned visit, also made a visit to the old castle, and of course with much interest, as the place he had so often in his boyhood heard his father speak of, and narrate his romantic adventures while there. Cornelius Howland was one of a large family. His brothers, David, Jonathan, Joseph, and Gideon, were well known and respected in this community, and were, I believe, most of them, sea captains in their early years.

John Howland, Sr., another old ship-master, and a man of noted vigor of mind and body, was one of the most influential of our citizens in the early part of this century. He was also a member of the Society of Friends, and the father of the late John Howland, Jr., and Hon. James Howland, for a long time prominent merchants in this city. The former was a man of much refinement of taste, and a highly respected member of the Society of Friends. The latter was a man of marked intellectual ability. He had in early life been a ship-master, and was for many years the president of the Bedford Commercial Insurance Company.

Another worthy old ship-master who has lately passed away from our community, deserves at least a passing notice, Capt. Daniel Wood, who was born at the old Wood homestead, Apponeganset, Dartmouth,

in 1785, and died at his residence on Seventh street, in this city, January 16, 1873, aged 88 years. His father, John Wood, Sr., built that well-known old "whaler" the "George and Susan," so named from the late George Howland and Susan his wife, the latter a highly respected minister of the Society of Friends, lately deceased, and a daughter of the before mentioned Cornelius Howland, Sr.

Capt. Wood was for many years engaged in the merchant service in the employ of the Messrs. Hathaway, and was master of the old ships Independence, and Augustus. He afterwards engaged in whaling, and was very successful. He was marked for his great energy and excellent discipline on board ship. His whole soul was in his business, and he overcame oftentimes apparently insurmountable difficulties in obtaining his object. His last voyage was in the Braganza, an old ship of 470 tons, of which the late accomplished merchant, William T. Russell, was principal owner and agent. His son, Capt. Charles L. Wood, merchant, of this city, was an officer on board this ship at the time. The ship sprung aleak a few days out, and it was thought at first necessary to return to port for repair, but after a short run homeward, Capt. W. ordered the helm to be put down, and proceeded on the voyage, declaring he would not return until he had made the voyage. They met with many vicissitudes, and were off Cape Horn in bad weather thirty-two days, during which time the forecastle deck was carried away by a heavy sea, leaving the ship in the greatest dan-

ger of sinking; but by covering that part with canvas they were enabled to reach Talcahuana, Chili, in a leaky condition, where repairs were speedily made and the voyage again resumed, which resulted in procuring four thousand barrels of sperm oil, valued at the time of their return, 1834, at eighty cents per gallon. In his earlier years, Capt. Wood had also sailed for Gilbert Russell, the father of the before-mentioned William T. Russell. The relationship between the latter and Capt. Wood was one of great mutual esteem and respect. The writer has often heard his friend and relative, W. T. R., speak in terms of high praise of the integrity, ability, and honesty of the subject of this notice. He belonged to a class of sterling worth, men who were an honor to our city and the generation in which they lived. He was also the father of our late much respected and beloved fellow-citizen, Capt. James B. Wood, merchant, of this city. Capt. Wood was for the past twenty-five years of his life insurance inspector of this port. A collection of the eventful lives of these old ship-masters would form a volume of rare interest. It is pleasant to call to mind, even by name, the characters of such men as the following who were once actively engaged in the business of our place as ship-masters and merchants, and who contributed essentially to its wealth and prosperity: Richard Williams, David Coffin, Eber Clark, Roland R. Crocker, John Price, David Brayton, Daniel Mackenzie, Stanton Birch, William Hammond, Matthew Luce, Abraham Gardner, George Worth; and

those of an older date, Elkanah Tallman, Cornelius Grinnell, William Howland, Sr., James Howland, Sr., John Howland, Sr., Joseph Whelden, Zebulon Whippey, David Leslie, Nash Decost, and many more of honorable distinction. In the view of such men and such times, let us thank God and take courage, for it is not so much after all in the times as in ourselves, that failure accrues. A strong purpose and a good cause will usually insure success. Those of a former generation had much to contend against.

XXI

"Dear is the shed to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

GOLDSMITH.

I AM by no means wanting in a hearty interest for whatever pertains to the permanent welfare of our city and the public, and it will I trust be seen that my object has not alone been to call up the ghosts of the departed, but to weave around my narratives those hallowed memories in which every human heart has an interest; thereby connecting the past with the present, and striving to bring whatever was good therein, in the way of virtue, honesty, moral integrity and godliness, before the present generation, as incentives to the attainment and appreciation of these valuable possessions, or qualities of the head and heart. For whatever tends to give an interest to our place, through such legitimate channels of worth, must naturally favor its prosperity; and even in the most utilitarian view of the case, bear favorably upon its business. He who is wanting interest in his ancestors is deprived of one of the pleasantest as well as most natural sources of human

sympathy. All nations and people, in all ages, have shown an interest in their past history; and local histories have within the past forty years been a marked feature in the literature of this country. There are few towns in New England but have their published history, and some of these are works of high merit. A people who have nothing to venerate in the ashes of their ancestors, no noble examples to hold up to the rising generation, are truly to be pitied.

With this exordium I will proceed to the more immediate business of my article.

The day is not far distant, I trust, when New Bedford and the other places of commercial importance will experience a revival of their maritime interests; in the meantime let the energy, the enterprise and the capital of our citizens find their employment in manufactures and other legitimate enterprises, which shall go to increase the prosperity of our community, by giving employment to the mechanic and day laborer, as well as to the youth who have been reared under the fostering influences of our institutions of learning. Patriotism and philanthropy find their own great reward in the ennoblement of soul in their possessors, while a niggard and selfish nature defeats its own ends, and instead of happiness finds only misery, and instead of respect only contempt. Wealth honorably obtained is not to be despised, but its legitimate use, (it should be understood,) is in doing good unto others; in fact, in proportion to our possessions is our responsibility increased, for it should be remembered after all, we are but stewards.

I am happy to be able to record that New Bedford of the Past, and New Bedford of the Present, have afforded many instances of the possession of these noble qualities of the soul, and will I trust continue to do so. It is the man of broad and generous ideas alone who can accomplish that success in life which is desirable, and the merchant, or professional man, in whatever business he may be engaged, who has made the accumulation of wealth subordinate to higher and holier motives, is a useful and honored member of society. Let a high standard of honor be raised among the business men of our community; and a rivalry even, inspired for excellence, remembering that the laws which govern the affairs of men and nations are immutable, their compensation so nicely adjusted by their great framer that no human ingenuity can evade their operation, and only such as fall into the divine harmony meet with any real success. How beautiful is the sight of a truly honest man, for though his lot in life be an humble one, he is strong against the so-called mighty of the world; but when this crowning element of character is the possession of the man of ability or wealth, how does it sink all the vain show of rank or fashion before its genuine simplicity.

As this will probably be my last chapter, the remainder of it will be made up of mere miscellaneous matter, and without order; but rather for the sake of preservation: "To collect the fragments lest anything be lost."

THE FIRST MEETING-HOUSE IN DARTMOUTH

The first meeting-house built within the limits of the old township of Dartmouth was at Apponegansett.

The following is a copy from the records of the Dartmouth monthly meeting of Friends:

At a man's meeting in the town of Dartmouth the 6 day of the 11 month 1698-9 at the house of John Lapham we underwritten, Peleg Slocum, Jacob Mott, Abraham Tucker and John Tucker, the day and year above written undertake to build a meeting-house for the people of God, in scorn called Quakers, 35 foot long, 30 foot wide and 14 foot stud.

John Tucker	£10, 00, 00
Peleg Slocum,	15, 00, 00
John Lapham,	05, 00, 00
Nathaniel Howland,	05, 00, 00
Increase Allen,	03, 00, 00
Ebenezer Allen,	05, 00, 00
Eleazer Slocum,	03, 00, 00
Jacob Mott,	03, 00, 00
Benjamin Howland,	02, 00, 00
Richard Evens,	01, 00, 00
Judah Smith,	01, 00, 00
	£63, 00, 00

Allowing $5 to the pound, amounting to $315. This venerable old building is still standing, having been thoroughly repaired during the latter part of the last century. It has a capacious fireplace at each end of the house for burning wood; but stoves have been for several years substituted. These old chimneys, both in meeting-houses and dwelling-houses, are serviceable as ventilators and for the support of the buildings, and should be preserved

with judicious consideration. It is to be hoped that the time is far distant when this time-honored old building will be removed for a smart looking modern edifice of fragile material, instead of the substantial oak and pitch pine of the old houses. The associations that gather around these old places should of themselves be a protection to them from the hand of destruction. Here some of the most distinguished ministers of the society from Great Britain, as well as from different parts of our own country, have for the past one hundred and eighty years held meetings on their public ministrations. Often in the old journals kept by these worthies is this meeting spoken of, as well as those in other parts of New England. Let its venerable walls be preserved.

The following record was taken from an inscription upon an old Buttonwood tree near the residence of the late Benjamin Tucker, in Dartmouth, 5 mo. 5th, 1844, by the late James Thornton, of this city. The tree was then in a decayed state and has since disappeared:

"First settled by Henry Tucker, 1660, who died 1694. Succeeded by son John, who died 1751, aged 95. Succeeded by his son Joseph, who died 1790, aged 94. Succeeded by son John, who died 1820, aged 88."

Benjamin Tucker, son of the last named, a highly respected member of the Society of Friends, died 12 mo. 19th, 1861, in the 81st year of his age. He was the father of Charles R. Tucker, merchant of this city. The Tuckers were among the earliest

settlers and landed proprietors of the old township of Dartmouth; and were, in common with a large portion of the original settlers of this town, principally of the Society of Friends. They have mostly been substantial farmers and exemplary representatives of the principles of this religious body.

The following inscription is from an old gravestone standing alone in the woods about one quarter of a mile northeast from the dwelling house of Maltiah Hathaway, on the back road to Smith's Mills:

"In memory of Elizabeth, wife of George East, who departed this life May 22d, 1778, in the 28th year of her age. Also George, son, who died May 29th, 1778, aged one month."

Copied November 13, 1864. The house of George East is still standing, and in good condition, a large old-fashioned two-storied building on the east side of Ray Street. I have heard that the first Baptist meeting held in this place was in this house. It is quite memorable that two of the oldest families of New Bedford were named "East" and "West."

The following are the names of Africans and Indians from Dartmouth, who served in the revolutionary army:

AFRICANS. — Prince Almy, Solomon Dick, Pompey Peckham, Ebenezer Primas, Elias Primas — 5.

INDIANS. — Benjamin Abel, Benjamin Obadiah, Peter Pon, John Solomon — 4.

I am indebted to Seth H. Ingalls, master builder and architect, of this city, for the following items relating to several of our principal public buildings erected under his superintendence:

The Custom House on the southwest corner of William and North Second streets was built in 1834–35, during the Presidency of Andrew Jackson. Robert Smith, of Washington, D. C., architect; William H. Taylor, superintendent of construction; Seth H. & William Ingalls, contractors and builders; Lemuel Williams, collector. The self-sustaining flight of free stone stairs leading to the collector's rooms are unsurpassed in plan and workmanship. The work was done by one of our respected fellow-citizens, Joseph Allen.

The Unitarian Church, on the corner of Eighth and Union streets, was built in 1836–37 of our native granite or gneiss, of the Norman Gothic style. A. J. Davis, of New York, Russell Warren, of Providence, R. I., and Seth H. Ingalls, architects. Hon. James Howland, Gideon Allen, Hon. Joseph Grinnell, J. B. Congdon, George T. Baker, Zachariah Hillman and others, building committee. Seth H. and William Ingalls, contractors and builders.

The City Hall was built in 1838–9 on the south side of William street, between "Cheapside" and Sixth street. Russell Warren, of Providence, R. I., and Seth H. Ingalls, architects. S. and W. Ingalls, contractors and builders. Hon. James Howland, Geo. Howland, Jr., Hon. Joseph Grinnell, Z. Hillman, George T. Baker and J. B. Congdon, building committee.

As this is my closing chapter, I would say that while it has been my principal object to collect such matter of history and incident of our city, as well as

some personal sketches of our older citizens, who have passed away within the last fifty years, I have endeavored to make them pleasant reading to the public, and have not intentionally given cause for any displeasure by what I have written. I have been agreeably surprised to find, that they have met with a good general acceptance; perhaps I may say with popularity; and which circumstance will be an encouragement for me at some future and perhaps not far distant time, to offer still further the result of my observations to the public.

AS WE LOOK BACK, HOW LONG THE VISTA SEEMS

FOUR SCORE — 1813–1893

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